

SLUG

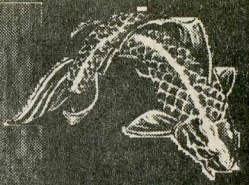


#109

Nine Year
Anniversary Issue

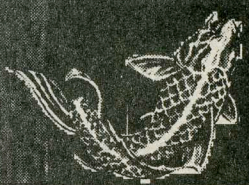
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To: dicks@slugmag.com
From: alice nelson,
GAZING_GRIM@prodigy.net

Speaking out in defense of gothics everywhere, I just wanted to tell you that GOTHICS DO NOT LIKE MARILYN MANSON. I happen to be gothic, and can personally assure you that I don't know a single person, let alone a gothic, that likes Marilyn Manson. This is in regards to comments made in your Kurt Bestor article in the last issue. Really, make whatever sort of snide comments you like about gothics in general, but accusing us of having any interest in Marilyn Manson is more than I personally can bear.

thanks,
a.n.

To: dicks@slugmag.com
From: Centrous, Centrous@aol.com
Dear Dickheads,

First off, who is that girl on that icon on the slug homepage for sending you mail...is she local?!!!! Any way you guys know Jason Farrell, and all I need is his e-mail address. I need to write him a question, See I got this great idea to have a local hardcore show with like 20 local bands to raise money for the AIDS foundation, I know it sounds like a summer thing, and this is winter, so it might be useless. , but I got a good idea and it

should be concidered. After all I am in a hardcore band and we would be abliged to help out.

peace out,
Jenny I-Ight

Thats a guys name ..I'm a guy, just so you dont think I'm a girl.,

ED: We do it every year it is called Sabbathon

ED: The following are from people who really don't think we know what NKOTB means... amazing

To: dicks@slugmag.com
From: Anita Glore,
red2wing2@webtv.net
new kids on the block why do you have to be so rude

—niki

To: dicks@slugmag.com
From: SPAM Engler,
spam.engler@digicron.com

Well the real thing it stand for is: New Kids On The Block they changed their name in order to "erase" their past and start over again.

—SPAM

ED: Look kids it is a JOKE! We know what it means, got it!???

On The Cover...

This month's cover was shot by local indy photographer Angela Brown. She is available for studio & live jobs. Call her at 530.3023. The more than willing models were Ann Foster and Curt Warren. We thank them all for their time, and John P. for the flag.



SLUG

January 1998
Volume 10, Issue 1 / #109

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Our Thanks to...

Mark Ross, Jason B, Nicki, Kevin,
Salt City, Burts, Mom & Bella

SLUG is published by the 5th of each month. The writing is contributed by freelance writers. The writing is the opinion of the writers and is not necessarily that of SLUG. We are NOT legally responsible for its writers or advertisers.

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Slug 9 Year Anniversary Party

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FROM BOSTON

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A Private Club For Members



Well 1997 in Music was quite a shit sandwich. Particularly if you like records that rock, i.e. Soundgarden's 'BadMotorfinger'. It also sucked if you like great guitar rock, i.e. Replacements 'Let it Be' or 'Pleased to Meet Me'. Instead we got Hanson 'Mmmm Bop', Spice Girls 'Wannabe' & Puff Daddy ripping yet another ex-hit 'Missing You'. What the fuck Sting?, did you need the money? Then why would you let an imbecile with a nickname like "puffy" cover a police song?

Of course Puff Daddy (SEAN "PUFFY" COMBS) was all about the tribute to fallen rap buddy Notorious B.I.G.

"Personally, I would have gave up all of the hits, all of the videos, all of the awards to just be kicking it with Big and to have that not have happened"

—Puff Daddy

I am just sure of that. Yes he is probably upset, but trade all of his fortune and fame? I doubt it. Besides, was Biggy Smalls such a great loss to the music world? Come on, he was a drug dealer turned rap guy. He probably had

fellow punk rapper Tupac shot, and in turn Tupac's 'homeboys' probably did B.I.G. I will tell you one thing, I would go dig Biggys body up if Puff Daddy would go away. I am so sick of this guy and his talentless bullshit...

"I don't consider myself a rapper or an MC. I'm just hittin' you with flavor, hittin' you with a vibe that hopefully you can party to and listen to. That's the beauty of hip-hop... I could really care less if you want to waste your time and speak for hours on what

records Puffy is sampling because Puffy doesn't really care what you think"

Listen up pal, stop referring to yourself in the third person, stop "hittin us with flavor" P U F F Y ! , P O O F T Y ! , FUCKHEAD!

MTV did the big "Year in Rock Special" and had three 'representatives' of music in 1997. Fiona Apple, whose real name has got to be something like



per or an MC. I'm just hittin' you with flavor, hittin' you with a vibe that hopefully you can party to and listen to. That's the beauty of hip-hop... I could really care less if you want to waste your time and speak for hours on what

Heather Goodrich, Marilyn Manson and of course Sean Puffy Combs. Who warned the world...

"I'm not going nowhere, man. I'm gonna be doin' the "Year In Rock" in the year 2010"

Don't bet your gold chains on it Puffy Boy. Kurt Loder asked Keith Richards (who is in a real band) what he thought of Puffy taking the Police song to make Missing You, and his response was great...

"What a... They are just bereft of imagination. What a piece of crap. Come up with something of your own"

Fuck you Puff Doggy Dog. And of course our favorite tortured victim female heroin martyr (somebody had to talk while Alanis was gone) Fiona Apple. What a fucking idiot. The easiest way to turn a good record into a shitty record is to open your mouth and talk to the public. Particularly when you are a 19 year old moron who obviously knows nothing about life. Nice vomit session at the MTV awards show dumbass! Then she tried to cover her ass by acting like it was part of the game

"I went from being tragic waif, ethereal victim, to being brat, bitch, loose cannon..."

Give me a break, FIONA!! She couldn't have looked any

more stupid. Then at the end she was yelling at the interviewer that she looked at the questions

"Spontaneity leads to sound bites that reflect stupidity"



No toots, stupidity leads to sound bites that reflect stupidity. If you

can't talk, stop trying! Please!

Then there was the fab five Scary, Baby, Ginger, Posh, and Sporty. (we looked it up) The Spice Girls. This is the Milli Vanilli of 97. Except Milli might have been smarter than the Spice Clan.

"This is about a Spice adventure! This is about girl power!"

Fuck your manager, fight amongst yourselves, do whatever, just GO AWAY!!! The world needs you to be hookers or something, maybe stewardesses.

The last fad band (or is that fag band) on my list is Hanson. Admit it, you thought they were girls the first time you saw the video. My problem is I STILL THINK THEY ARE GIRLS! Yuck! Go back top school! Go back to wherever you came from. Can you shoot kids?? What if you played the video for the judge? Maybe a reduced sentence? Old Mr. Satan Wannabe Marilyn Manson spoke the only intelligent words I ever heard him say when asked about Hanson...



"I think that they're the tools of the devil. I think there's some devious person pulling their strings. I'm very scared of those boys. I don't think there should be any smiling in rock n' roll. If you

smile while you're playing your instrument, I think it should be taken from you and smashed"

1997 also saw it's share of reunions. Vince Neil returned to Mötley Crüe, who ended each show with a question and answer period for the audience. That had to be a genius session. Fleetwood Mac, Jane's Addiction, Heart (Love Mongers) and every shitty 80's band that would play the Zephyr for the door.

So please, do us all a favor and stop supporting bad music. Make Masters of Reality the band that broke 1998 wide open. Then we will have nothing to bitch about next January. Yeah right.

—Maxx



Everyone Says I Love You
Woody Allen makes the same movie lie's made since Husband's and Wive's. The difference is this

is a musical. Sort of. Not a musical like Singin' in the Rain or Guys and Dolls, but actors like Allen, Julia Roberts, Drew Barrymore

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Etc. who cannot sing. Interesting approach not an interesting movie.

My Best Friends Wedding

This should be titled "Shit that Never Ever Happens at Anybodies Wedding" Except when the entire wedding party breaks into "Say a Little Prayer" That happens all the time. I still thought it was a good show, just a bit heavy on the sugar.

Con Air

John Malkovich is a great villain. He is classy, and sophisticated while being sleazy and despicable. However this story is as choppy as his psycho hairdo. OK the convicts are all on a plane and they kill all the police. OK they plan ahead and fly plane htem-selves. then they land the plane on the Vegas Strip. More bullshit to follow. P.S. you can't have cannon holes on and airplane. It's called Air Pressure.

Out to Sea

Walter Matthau and Jack Lemon. these two at their worst are better than any two comedy actors ever. The movie is So So.

Conspiracy Theory

thsi is my brother all the way. Cropcircles to FBI, CIA, IRS, IMF, coverups. My brother buys it all. Mel Gibson is the conspiracy guy Julia Roberts the object of his desire. Not a bad story, as it makes you think maybe conspira-

cy guy has a point. But the government would never lie to you would they?

Box of Moonlight

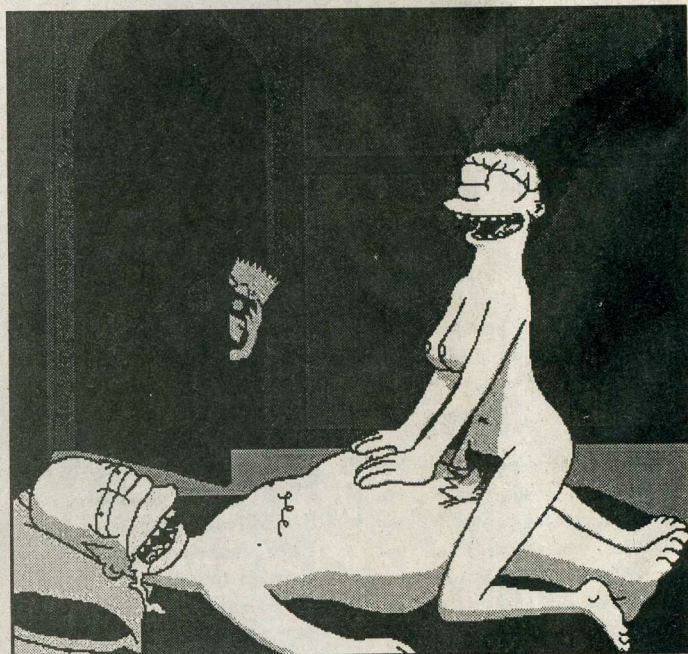
John Turturro turns in a great performance in a strange, quirky well written show that most people probably won't like. that's OK I probably won't like those people either. It is a gem of a movie though and probably shouldn't be missed.

Spawn

How do you write the sound of a raspberry? pthhhhhh-hhhew!!! Todd McFarlane should be ashamed of himself, if he's not too busy counting the millions of dollars he ripped his fans off of.

So here's my TOP VIDEO RENTS of da year. (must gotta see) so tear this page and put it on your fridge... all guaranteed cool flicks

A Family Thing
Killer: A Journal Of A Murder
2 Days In The Valley
Secrets & Lies
Big Night
Palookaville
Rosewood
Truth Or Consequences N.M.
Heavy
The Funeral
I'm Not Rappaport
Sling Blade
Absolute Power
When We Were Kings
Donnie Brasco

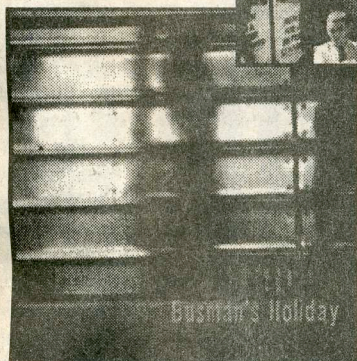
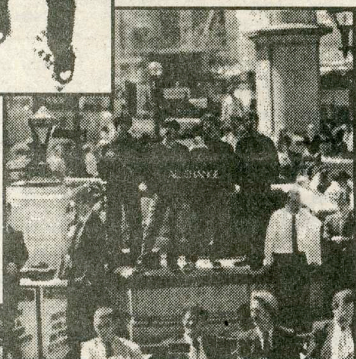


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Instant Karma s gonna get you..
or There is justice in the
world, you decide.

Local visionary/music icon Sam Cannon (ex-editor of grid, the worst magazine in Utah history) writes a story for the "localzine" section of CMJ Music Monthly (Jan 98). In it Sam waxes yuppyetic about SLC's coolest radio station (X96), and "SLC's music monthly, grid magazine", and other so called points of interest. Points that only Sam gets. It was a self serving self promoting pack of bullshit, and apparently

stocked than the stores in SLC is stupid. Conveniently Sam failed to mention the stores that weren't grid advertisers, or stores he's never been to like the first independent store in SLC, Raspberry Records, and the best stocked, Salt City CD's, and Raunch the only true (albeit closed) punk/underground store here. Bars? Sam did mention most, but then again he had to drive by most of them on his way to work.

Check listings in Salt Lake's music monthly, *grid* magazine, or in the *City Weekly* for specifics.

he thought he would get away with it. It could not have been more incorrect, misleading or biased. It is amazing that CMJ would print such drivel, and not bother to research, and figure out Sam's true intentions.

I say ex editor of grid, because that magazine is no longer in print. They folded less than 30 days after sam's "feature story" and less than two years after the money pit began. You see the cash cow behind X96 and Grid pulled the plug on the life support machine that was hold-

coolest bar in Utah, definitely not a grid hangout), and as far as book stores & restaurants go, S.L.C. has a plethora of fine ones.

None of these are mentioned, except the Red Iguana. How about the Blue Iguana moron??? How fucking embarrassing it would have been if people outside Utah were dependent upon Sam's naivety and personal bias. So, thanks but no thanks for the inept look at some imaginary

On any given night you can catch abstract rap (Nunbbs), narrative hippie rock (Jackmormons, featuring Jerry Joseph of Northwest legends Little Women), psychedelic desert jams (Elbo Finn), ethereal female-fronted melodies (Gathering Osiris), or country-tinged grit (Sea Of Jones). Ska pranksters Stretch have drawn as many as 2,000 peo-

ing the magazine upright. One wonders if X96 is next. Can anyone say KIQ lawsuit???

Some other horribly mis stated facts... Brewvies shows all kinds of alternative and independent films, however never have they shown Ferris Bueller's Day Off, as Sam tried to joke about. Crandall Audio is not the best and most well stocked of all the record stores in town, but I am sure Scott Crandall and Sam are good buddies. Crandall is a good store, but to say it is better

city that Sam Cannon lives in, but S.L.C. has a lot more to offer than the places where his friends work.

p.s....
The following emails were sent to grid writers. Our crack staff of hacks (or is that hack staff of crackheads?) intercepted them...

<Date: 12/19 11:11 AM
Received: 12/19 5:52 PM
From: sam cannon, sam@grid-
magazine.com

I'm finally emerging from what has been one of the craziest months of my life. Here's the skinny:

James Facer, president of Acme Broadcasting and former financier of grid magazine, has sold grid magazine to us at a price we couldn't refuse.

For now, we plan on continuing to publish an on-line version only until we find significant backing. This means that, for the time being, we cannot pay out for stories. We'll understand if you want to shop your copy elsewhere, just let us know what we can expect. Our copy deadline for the issue is still January 5. Keep you posted with any developments.

Thanks and happy holidaze.

Fortunately for

Sam Cannon Editor<

Date: 12/29 10:59 AM

Received: 12/30 10:10 AM

From: Sam Cannon,
Sam_Cannon@citysearch.com

Thing #1:

Did I say I bought grid? Well, I spoke prematurely, under instruction from my former boss. What I meant to say was a sale is in negotiation with its current owner, the president of Acme Broadcasting. As yet, no agreement has been met and I don't know when an agreement will be met.

T n i s
means that the
February issue
(on-line or other-
wise) must
be put on the back burner. You'll
probably want to pitch your copy
elsewhere (though maybe not, see
Thing #2). This also means that
Jon and I have had to seek outside
employment quick-like, to sup-
port my addiction to Good &

[illegible]

Plenty and Jon's to Action Pay-Per-View. So...

Thing #2:

So, as we continue to sort things out with the Man, I have taken a position at CitySearch SLC (www.citysearchslc.com) as a music and other stuff editor. I still don't know exactly what that means-hell, I don't even know where the bathroom is-but I'm sure I'll need to call on y'all for copy, especially the SLC-based folks. It ain't no grid as you'll soon be able to tell, but my understanding is that people do read it and I'll be able to pay my freelancers. They also say I can change the music section however I want (we'll see). Anyway, let me know if you're down or if you have any swell ideas.

Thing #3:

Jon Armstrong, our beloved art director, plans on hitting the San Fran and L.A. area in January with his bag of tricks and a stack of resumes. If you know of any

Brewvies (677 South 200 West, www.brewvies.com) is a local purveyor of beer-related material, but it does serve micro-incessions stand, which somehow got of *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*.

cool job ops out there, drop him a line at punkboy@earthlink.net.

Bye, Sam

So the Gods of Karma sent Sam and his hipster crew pack-

GRID R.I.P.

X96 finally pulls the plug... it's about fucking time

Grid is dead.

The locally-produced-posing-as-national-zine Grid has finally been put to sleep by X96/Acme Broadcasting honcho Jim Facer, who apparently had grown tired of taking money from starving DJs to throw into a print black hole. Upon hearing this joyous holiday news, Evil SLUG Boss G was reportedly seen doing an unsightly naked jig on the snow-covered rooftop of the SLUG office tower. Due to his drunken state, he fell down and knocked himself unconscious for several days. He awoke on Christmas Eve, still grinning like

a psychotic publishing mag-nate—God bless us, every one.

According to insiders, Grid operated in the red from its inception in February 1995. This was most likely due to over-done graphics and their idiotic notion that writers should actually get paid. SLUG has survived for 10 years because they live by one simple motto: Don't give those fuckers a cent! There's a lesson here, but no one's paying us anything to tell you what it is.

Like most things that are pretty on the outside and utterly devoid of content within (like, say, news babe Gretchen Carr,

guy Mike Leavitt, the "in the mail" payment envelope from SLUG for this obituary), Grid was always an easy target for satire and mean-spirited yuks. From the inept writing (which was differentiated from this rag's inept writing by the censorship of Bad Words: F%ck, sh%t, c%cks%cker, K%rry J%ckson, etc.) to the reviews of concerts and movies that happened months before-hand, it was just too easy. The sub-Raygun approach to text that made it practically impossible to actually read the inept writing, as well as the overuse of white space (Facer, if he ever picked the mag up, probably muttered to himself "Where are the fucking ads?") only added to the comedy.

Grid wasn't the only local music mag to bite the pulp this year: The University of Utah Daily Chronicle's little wart Twitch got "re-vamped," kicking pretentious cunts like Christian Arial to the curb where they belong. Whether or not this piffle is still in print is any non-student's guess, but it can't be any worse than it was before. Audio Spank, which was better than the rest of the pack, also folded exactly one issue after turning the reins over to a complete fucking moron that no one wanted to do biz with. Good things did come out of this debacle, though, like a current address for the dickhead who ran Spank into the ground so the all the people he owes money to can better find him.

But, alas, the December '97/January '98 issue of Grid will be the last X96 and Acme will tolerate, so grab one from the stacks lying around at various locations in the valley—no need to rush, there are plenty left. It's a bitter-sweet occasion: On one hand, we're delighted to see any form of

competiton (no matter how slight) die like a old fuck after having the life-support shut down. On the other hand, it's one less easy target of ridicule (like, say, an old fuck on life-support) for us losers to take shots at. Are we glad or sad that Grid is dead? If only there were a way...

Grid may not be dead.

The wizards behind Grid are attempting to buy the rights to the mag from Acme, but nothing has is expected to come of it. Apparently, \$20 and the promise to get the fuck out of Sean Boy Walton's new office by the end of the week was just not enough.

With no sugardaddy, Grid was to continue as an on-line only magazine at www.grid-magazine.com, joining the ranks of never-read cybermags such as City Search, Slate and slugmag.com. But even that isn't going to happen now, so, Grid IS dead. Just as well: Making fun of on-line magazines is absolutely no fun at all, since the only people who read them are computer geeks whose sense of humor doesn't reach far beyond Dilbert's office wisdom and Jeri Ryan's tits on Star Trek Voyager (which are, by the way, quite impressive).

Logic says that you will never see a print version of Grid again. If they do manage to publish something, it will probably look as lousy as this rag. Satirizing that would be just like kicking a crippled cat: Great fun initially, but, in the end, just not the same. As we all mourn the comedic loss of the great Chris Farley, we should also be thinking of void left by Grid and the other fallen mags this year—what's left now? The weeklies? We'd rather discuss Jeri Ryan's tits.

—Hunter LePre
HunterLePre@iname.com

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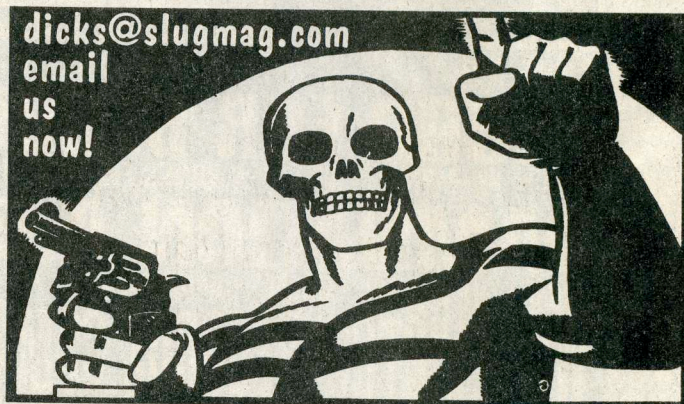
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JANUARY				1 Blues/Rockabilly Lee Rocker	2 Celtic YOUNG DUBLINERS	3 Celtic
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18 Various SXSW Finals	19 Jazz SON CARIBE	20 Rock Leftover Salmon	21 Juke JUDE w/ HIGH WATER PANTS	22 Blues CHRIS HIATT and Gold Star Soul Ray Vegas Team	23 Rock FAT PAW	24 Rock
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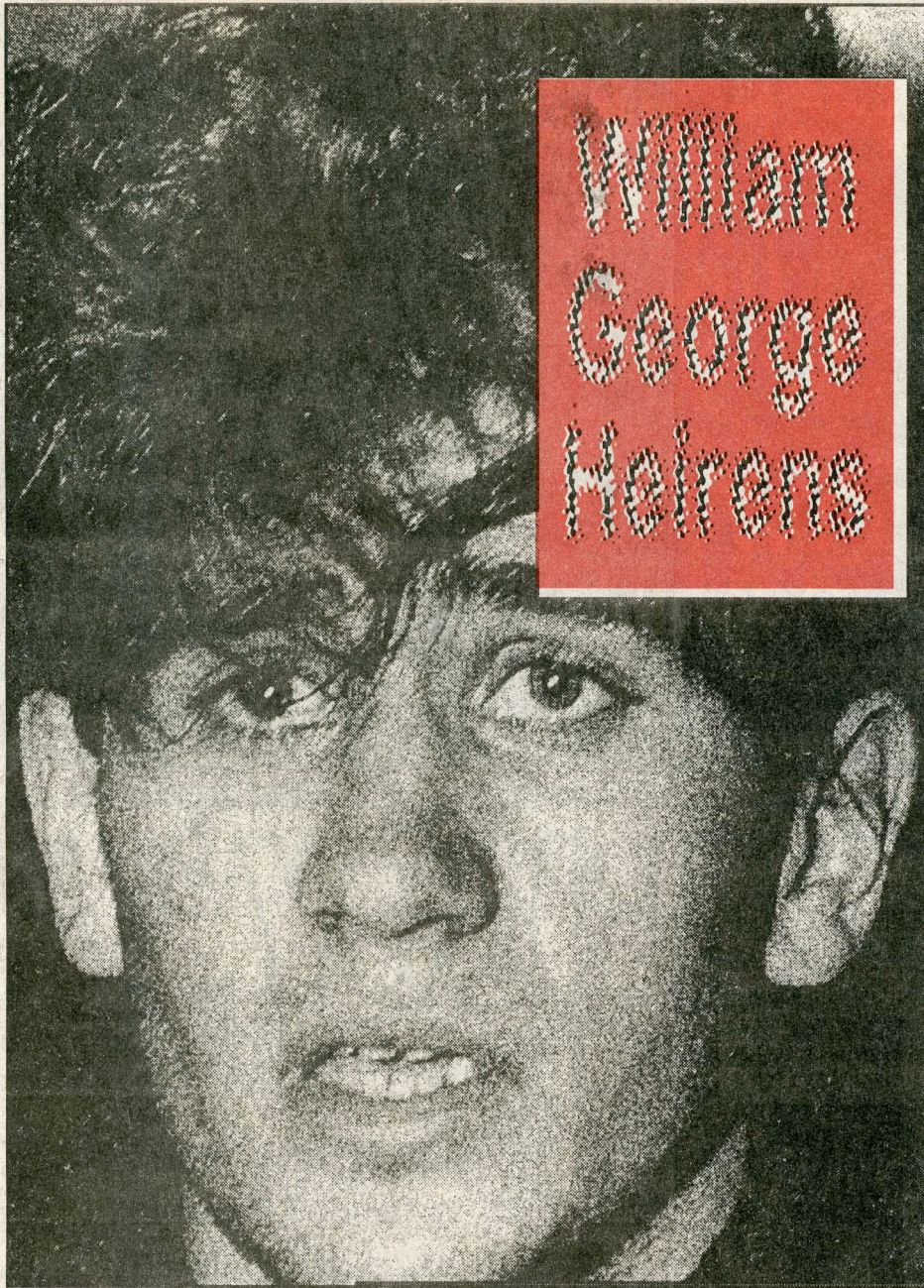
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|--------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
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| 8th - Fade, The Idea of Space | 24th - Chungas Revenge |
| 9th - Ether, Red Bennies | 28th - Cop Killer, Cokleo |
| 10th - Yer Highness, Velvet Alex | 29th - Maladjusted, Flapjack |
| 11 - SXSW | Cancer Company |
| 14th - Pry, Neil Huff | 30th - Slobber Bone, The Uneven |
| 15th - Minimum Wage, Swamp | 31st - SLUG 9 Year |
| Donkeys, Mid Digit | Anniversary Party |
| 16th - Zion Tribe | Bloodfish, Yer Highness, Roadsaw |
| 17th - Silver Apples, Abstrak, Poink | |

A Private Club For Members

Serial Killer Of The Month



Police thought nothing of the young robber caught that June evening in 1946. But his classmates at the University of Chicago were shocked to hear that William George Heirens had been arrested for burglary. With his arrest the police halted a one man crime spree which included three murders on Chicago's north-side.

Forty-three-year-old Josephine Alice Ross, a widow, died of stab wounds to her neck. Apparently she had surprised a burglar who was ransacking her front room in June of 1945. In December of the same year, a perky thirty-year-old named Frances Brown, was stabbed in

the neck and was shot twice. In red lipstick on her wall was written, "For heavens sakes catch me before I kill more I cannot control myself."

For all his begging, the police couldn't oblige the killer now known as the "Lipstick Killer." Being true to his word the lipstick killer left the body of a Six-year-old Suzanne Degnan murdered, dissected and let to stand in various sewers near her home. Her death was in January 1946. Like the other two, her body had been carefully cleaned of blood, and lovingly washed. None were sexually assaulted.

Two other women were wounded by shots

fired through windows into their homes and another was beaten and tied up by an intruder. All these came amid a rash of robberies near the University of Chicago. Heirens' downfall came when he was caught at the scene of one of the thefts. He beat back the arresting officers until knocked unconscious by a flower pot. The only burgled thing in his possession was an oversized dollar bill.

But stolen goods worth thousand of dollars were found in his dormitory room. An incriminating note signed George indicated there might be a burglary ring. Heirens was silent for the police for three days. Finally after being given Sodium Pentathal as a "truth serum," he admitted that his friend George Murman had committed the child's murder. A full scale search found no George Murman. And when questioned Heirens described the robberies as occurring during cloudy times in his mind, he saw them only darkly. He entered other people's homes because it was he only avenue of sexual release. He guessed he might have committed five hundred burglaries.

Heirens' problems seem to lie firmly in his childhood, when he had been told that all sexual contact was wrong and evil and caused disease. Deeply ashamed of his own sexual impulses, he began sneaking into homes and stealing panties. He experienced orgasm putting them on; later he would wear women's panties while masturbating with pictures of Hitler and other Nazi's as pornography.

He was a practiced burglar and arsonist when he was arrested at 13 for carrying a loaded pistol. He was sent to a special school where he did very well academically, and he entered the University of Chicago at 16. But he kept breaking into people's houses. Often he would take nothing but his own guilty pleasure.

It quickly became clear that George Murman was simply a self deluding ploy by Heirens against his own conscious and as a preventative measure against the state. After lengthy interviews with psychologists Heirens was found to be sane, and to have understood at the time his crimes were committed that they were wrong and illegal.

Heirens was convicted of three murders, 26 counts of robbery, burglary and assault. He was sentenced on September 5, 1946, to three consecutive life terms in prison, plus additional time for the lesser offenses. While in prison he became more pointedly insane and was transferred to a criminal hospital. Later he recovered and in 1977, he received his college degree, the first convict in Illinois to do so. William Heirens remains behind bars in the Vienna Correctional Center, the longest-tenured inmate in the state of Illinois.

—St. Feltcher

Optimism or Just Kidding Yourself?

Every cloud has a silver lining, right? Your cup is either half empty or half full. It's all how you look at it. Isn't it possible to have a bad day though? Is it possible that maybe the cup you're drinking from is sometimes full of liquid shit? If so, here is a good argument, or a reason to hope for anyway, for your cup to be half empty rather than full. The truth is bad things happen. Some people make the best of a bad situation. That doesn't mean the situation is a blessing from heaven. Only that you're coping. The eternal debate of pessimism and optimism.

The majority of optimists I know are some of the most miserable people in the world. Telling yourself and others that you are happy doesn't make it so. It's just a survival technique used by some people and their therapists to justify all the shitty things they have done and will continue to do because they have to live with themselves. Is it any wonder that self-help books are one of the major contenders for the All-American dollar? Right up there with Barney merchandise.

Realism. A concept misperceived by optimists as pessimism. A realist can see the forest through the trees, and knows which side of the toast the bear shits his butter on. Yet time after time the realist is chastised by the optimist. Maybe it's because the optimist has this perfect balance of bullshit they practice daily, and the realist disrupts this delicate balance with the truth. By being reminded of how things actually are, the optimist is thrown into a world they have to deal with, instead of ignore. Never having learned the skills to accomplish such a task. Blame must be placed, and the self-help book suggests you don't place it on yourself, so the obvious choice is anyone but. Then what we're left with is a race of zombies that exist emotionally in the middle. Never experiencing extreme joy or pain. Only the bland that makes everything o.k.

As a bi-product of this, all the George Romero gimps

intrude upon everyone else's pursuit of happiness. Selfish act after selfish act. Don't get me wrong. Everything anyone does is a selfish act. Even the occasional good deed is completely selfish in its origin. Whether it's for the good feeling you get inside or the intangible trophy one gets to sport for the rest of the world, it's not solely for the purpose of doing good. No one does the right thing just because it's the right thing to do anymore. You only do the right thing because you're scared of the consequences if you don't, or it benefits you in some manner.

So year after year people make resolutions to convince themselves into thinking that they're worthwhile. All the while never intending to go through with their New Years remodeling.

Since I'm as guilty as the rest of you and I still need to convince myself that I'm going to honestly work on these things, I've decided to really make an effort at the New Years resolutions I have come up with for myself.

For instance, I resolve to make an effort not to pummel my ex-buddy's ass into dumb fuck puree no matter how much it is deserved. If I truly can accomplish this, I will be a better person for it. Once again, a selfish motive behind the action. Trying to better myself instead of my surroundings. The way it works is that my world does revolve around me. Just like yours does you. So good luck in kidding yourself to death. Ignorance is bliss. The more you know, the more you realize you don't have a clue. That is why so many 'know it alls' are happy as clams. Eventually enough useless years will pass with unaccomplished dreams and goals. Then you will find yourself on your deathbed, about to check out, realizing that it was all for nothing. This is when you will find Jesus. Once again kidding yourself into contentment. Happy New Year! and Happy Afterlife! If anyone deserves what they get it's you.

—Ray M.

Thanks For Your Support!

#2 Went well and
#3 is around the corner!

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SLUG Top Ten List

I was going to do a "Mother's Top Ten Sexiest Men" List but I only came up with three names: my husband, Trent Reznor, and Scott Farley. Gianni added his own name and the list made it up to four. My kid got "George of the Jungle" for Hanukkah so I included the hunk of beefcake who plays George (he makes it an almost bearable movie for adults to watch - female and gay male adults, that is) to bring it up to five. That left five more sexy men to come up with. But I've had the flu for a week. My entire family has had the flu for a week. My dogs have had the flu for a week. I hate the Christmas Season (Hey Christians, keep Christ in Christmas and keep it to yourselves!). I feel like shit. I don't want to think about sex, or men, or sexy men. I want to be able to eat something besides toast without barfing. I want to be on a warm beach worrying about skin cancer. I want to be somewhere where I can buy real beer in a supermarket...

Sorry about the Seasonal Affective Disorder. I'll try harder to control it. Here's my new list:

Mother's Little List of People Who Should be Spanked Very Hard

1. **Governor Leavitt.** A little abuse for the man who suppressed the Domestic Violence Report. Bend over, Gov, it's just "home correction".
2. **Ska bands.** What is Ska anyway? Is it Oi-Lite for people who don't want to get a swastika tattoo?
3. **Gale Rusicika.** Where the hell does this woman get off? She's not a moral watchdog, she's just a self-righteous bitch.
4. **People who wear Birkenstock's** in the winter. Oh yeah geniuses, like those polarfleece socks you bought at REI will ward off frost bite.
5. **Everclear.** They write the same cheesy little song over and over and give it a different title. They should go back to their day jobs.
6. **Kevin "Costmore" Costner.** Kevin, Kevin, Kevin, "Dances With Wolves" was a fluke. You got lucky. You're really pretty stupid. Stop writing. Stop directing. Do you see Harrison Ford trying to act smarter than he is?
7. **Pope Paul II.** When asked by reporters recently him if the Church will ever apologize for it's role in the Holocaust, the Pontiff replied by whining that no other world religion had been asked to apologize, just the

Catholic Church. Just because they kept silent and handed over records to the Nazis... It's just not fair... Nobody's picking on the Buddhists, oh no, they get to have Beastie Boy concerts.

8. **The Salt Lake City Olympic Committee.** No, they haven't done anything dishonest, stupid, or wrong yet (that we know of). But they will.

9. **Bill Clinton.** Inhale, you spineless Bubba. I want to feel your pain.

That's it. There is no number ten. I'm tired of purging. It's only the Ninth Slug Anniversary anyway. Happy Anniversary, Dickheads. And Happy New Year, boys and girls.

Love,
—Mother

ANNIE'S TOP 10 LSI TFOR 1997

In no particular order

1. Fiona Apple-Tidal
2. Bjork-Homogenic
3. Blur-M.O.R. import ads w/William Orbit and Moby remixes.
4. Dubstar-Goodbye
5. Fluke-Risotto
6. Gus Gus-Polydistortian Ltd Double CD
7. Sarah McLachlan-Surfacing
8. Portishead-S/T
9. Sneaker Pimps-Becoming X
10. Victory Style II

CLIFF'S TOP 10

In no particular order

1. KMFDM- S/T
2. Dubstar- Goodbye
3. Depeche Mode-Ultra
4. Cure-Galore
5. Morrissey-Maladjusted
6. Sarah Cracknell-Lipslide Japanese
7. Sinead O'Conner-Gospel Oak
8. NIN-Closure Video
9. Clan of Xymox-Hidden Face
10. Front Line assembly-Flovour of the Week

Manager Dean's Top 10 for 1997

and the Reasons why (Alphabetically)

1. **BJORK Homogenic**
One of 97's most listenable and enjoyable discs. A more intimate offering than her past work, "Joga", "Bachelorette", and "Alarm Call" are more than worth the price of admission.
2. **SARAH CRACKNELL Lipslide**
The debut from the eSaint Etienne vocalist; and elegant mix of both ballads & dance tunes; it's as though Olivia Newton

John has never been away.

3. **DUBSTAR Goodbye**
Not to be confused with their US compilation of the same name, their sophomore effort is as listenable, danceable and as memorable as their debut was. The 1lb UK pressing is unique and bizarre with its artwork!
4. **ERASURE Cowboy**
Synth pops most enduring duo presents yet another classic album. In short (3minute) songs Clarke and Bell showcase their greatest skills: the mid tempo ballad and the cover.
5. **MOBY I Like to Score**
An excellent collection of his work for movies and television, all of which are alternate versions; reads like a mini greatest hits; and that clever title to boot.
6. **MORRISSEY Maladjusted**
In which our greatest living lyricist returns gracefully to form. The pathos is still here ("Trouble Loves Me", "he cried") but so is the sarcasm ("Roys Keen" & the wonderfully titled "Staten Rejected My Soul").
7. **OLIVE "Extra Virgin"**
That voice that hypnotises until you can't get it out of your head. Sure "You're not alone" was a huge hit, but their debut *D* was full of as much more of the same. Get the double import for the total experience!
8. **LISA STANSFIELD Lisa Stansfield**
A gutty pleasure or a soulful, wonderous return; you decide. Each song blends into the next, whether ballad or disco stomper, and you can't help but be pulled in. The UK version is a better package!
9. **SAINT ETIENNE Continental**
This Japanese only release combined tracks from their highly acclaimed "Casino Classics" and newer songs to great effect. Another fascinating chapter of their story + that awesome Gary Newman cover!!
10. **SUZANNE VEGA Sessions at West 54th**
A short souvenir of her performance on the PBS show of the same name, this Japanese ep finds Ms. Vega in excellent voice and combines the old "Small Blue Thing" with the new "World Before Columbus" Though a live recording, it is still streets ahead of Ani's, Fionas and Sarah's world.

The Top Five Local Releases

Every year we usher out the old man, "Father Time", and start again with the new born, "Baby New Year". Proving once again that everything eventually comes full circle. We start and end in diapers. But along the way, we get to fill those diapers with the end

Continued on next page

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Chain City
Mullray
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Donovan's Brain
Cratewasher
Shelterbelt
B.U.T.

The Los Hermanos Brothers
Venus Alley
Slamhound
Martin
Stuhl
Mushroom Bone
Metropolitans

result of whatever experiences we may have chosen for ourselves from the "all you can eat buffet of life". Along with things forced fed to us. Luckily, for the rest of us that let another year go by without accomplishing anything, there are some people out there that have managed to do something with their time. Musicians. All they may have done with themselves is music, but chances are that anything else they would have done wouldn't benefit us anyway, so who cares! Losers with a purpose. Filling, not just their own, but as many diapers as they can sneak their musical droppings into. All we have to do is be willing to partake of and ingest these tasty morsels of sound.

Although there is a lot of shit out there to stay clear of (any deli-tray holding the likes of bands resembling, but not limited to: Mourning After, Damn Janet, Stone Pony, etc. these bands have expired and will make you sick if you have some) There are also a lot of great bands out there too. And yes they have albums out. So if you're having trouble wading through the shit to get to the good stuff, maybe this will help.

The Moon Family De La Luna La Familia

Hard and heavy

By far one of the best albums of the year. In stores now.

Blanche "idle hands"

Less heavy than the Moon Family CD

Featuring Sally Shaum from My Sister Jane, Frank Morrow from Reverend Willey and Julie Leuders (one of the few female drummers around.) Good music, bottom line. In stores now.

Atomic Deluxe ?

*** Ω

Western swing. Honky tonk.

Lara Jones has about the sweetest voice attached to a man hater I have ever heard. I got to check out an advance copy of this album and it sounds great. Although it will probably be out by the time you are reading this, it was not in the stores when I started writing.

Crapshoot In Through the Outhouse

Fucked up!!!!!!!!

Make sure your mother or small children never hear this album. As great as it is, it is equally as sick and perverse. Features Poo Pee D (Jamie Shuman) Old punk relic from the Massacre Guys, MC Cheez Whiz, and Texas Turd Box. Also a guest appearance from the former King Scratchie of Warlock Pinchers fame and Brendan of Atomic 611 (A poorly recorded casio jam. Hidden track. Look for it.) In stores now.

Love Songs for the Sick and Twisted

** Ω

All Styles.

A Voodoo Dog Records compilation. This one is like the sampler off a menu. Although it does lag in a few areas, the good moments are well worth the wait. Features: River Bed Jed, Blanche, Qualitones, the Moon Family, Dagobah Stew, Reverend Willey, PCP Berzerker, Dan Morley, Pijamas de Gato, Decomposers, the Strays, Wovoka, and Abstrak. Once again an advance copy. It will be out in stores as soon as the moon turns to blood or the people at Voodoo Dog Records pull their heads out of their asses. Whichever comes first.

Crass Menagerie Top Ten

Here is my top ten. It isn't punk to count! Top Ten - 1997

1- **BRUTAL TRUTH** "Sounds of the Animal Kingdom" CD

The best album ever from the best grind band ever. Can't beat that combo.

2- **BEHEAD THE PROPHET NO LORD SHALL LIVE** "I Am the Great and Fiery Force" CD. Totally insane hardcore. Absolutely raging! Amazing vocals.

3- **DAMAGED** "Token Remedies Research" CD. Totally wiggled out, extreme hardcore hysteria!

4- **UNLEASHED** "Warrior" CD and "Eastern Blood - Hail to Poland" CD. The latest studio album and a live album with two gigs. This is one of the greatest bands ever. "Warrior" is their most straight forward and "pure" metal album yet.

5- **Various Artists** "Possessed To Skate" 12" LP. Maybe the best compilation album ever! Features several songs from each band: CHARLES BRONSON, SPAZZ, ASSHOLE PARADE, PRETENTIOUS ASSHOLES, UNANSWERED, PALATKA, DESPISE YOU.

6- **SUPPRESSION / CRIPPLE BASTARDS** Split 12" LP. Two mutilated bands collide. Hyper violence meets grinding insanity.

7- **LOGICAL NONSENSE** "Expand the Hive" CD. Over the top hardcore rage.

8- **3D HOUSE OF BEEF** "Self Titled" CD Brutish sludge noise that is totally twisted.

9- **SCREAMS OF CHAOS** "Genetic War" CD Freaked out metal that can't be pigeonholed

10- **SPAZZ** "Sweatin' to the Oldies" CD. A collection of rare 7" tracks. Over 60 tunes from the coolest power violence band on the planet.

11- **MOTORHEAD** "Overnight Sensation" CD Gramps Lemmy adds another classic to the discography. Three tunes on this platter are going to be classics!

12- **VADER** "De Profundis" CD. Polish technical death metal that kills on contact.

13- **STRAPPING YOUNG LAD** "City" CD Hatred put to raging industria-core.

14- **BEAUTY** "Automatic Killfest" Advance

Album. Not released yet, but this in-death-trial project is the perfect balance between inhuman electronics and subhuman metallic rage. Two demos from the album are available for public consumption.

15- **A.C.** "I Like It When You Die" CD. Weirdo blur-core dieties.

Jeb Branin

jeb.branin@snow.edu

....A truly wise man never plays leapfrog with a unicorn.

The Lame Ass Top 53 of 1997

I'm sorry that Royce didn't listen to much music during 1997. I listened to at least a couple thousand CDs and these are the best 53 I can remember. I think year-end lists are stupid anyway and that's why none of these CDs has a number in front of it. I even used my word processor to shuffle the original order. It was a very long year.

I apologize to all the publicists, record label geeks, bands, and whoever else I offended this year. Apologizing is a required part of my 12-step recovery process. Thank you all so much for the music! Keep sending it and I'll see if I can offend more of you next year. Hilary, Brian and Jennifer receive special apologies because they either called or wrote letters of complaint. Jennifer receives double apologies because she tells me what an idiot I am every time she sends anything and she works for Jello. God bless you Jennifer, I love you and I resolve to do better in '98.

This issue celebrates SLUG's ninth anniversary. Now I'm going to thank a whole bunch of people who have helped me since I started writing for SLUG and for the last great and miserable year. The Evil SLUG Boss, JR (JR used to print my shit before he knew me. I was using a Mac 512 at the time and he started it all.), Jerry Joseph, Kate, Helen Wolf, Atomic Deluxe, The Unlucky Boys, Amy at Invisible, James at Sony, Robert Page (damn how I miss that good old boy), Michelle at TVT, Crypt, Angelica at Atlantic, Estrus, Jason (Swamp Donkeys), Eli (I just met him and he is another local musical genius), James Stewart, Blanche, Aldine, Lark & Spur, Get Hip, Glen Dicker and JJ Rassler at Rounder, everyone at Hightone, Billy and Miriam at Norton, Nils Bernstein, formerly of SubPop now with Matador, Del-Fi, the Brooks family, Spider, Sam and Charlie at the Zephyr, John Paul Brophy, and anyone else who was kind or obnoxious to me during this year and however many years I've written for this piece of shit street rag.

Continued on next page

The Lame Ass Top 53 of 1997

The Lazy Cowgirls

Mary Schneider

Guitar Wolf

Fireworks

Ska Island

Wayne Hancock

Derailers

Royal Crown Revue

Tenderloin

16 Horsepower (Advance, actual release in 1998)

Big Blue Hearts

Greg Garing

Big Sandy & His Fly-Rite Boys

Blasters (reissue)

T-Model Ford

Twenty Miles

Junior Kimbrough

Billy Lee Riley

Kelly Joe Phelps

Whiskeytown

The Monks (reissue)

Bush Tetras

Beat Angels

Geraldine Fibbers

Zen Guerilla

Wu Tang Clan

3-Mile Pilot

The El Caminos

Atari Teenage Riot

Morcheeba

The Revelators

Los Ass-Draggers

Oranj Symphonette

Machine Head

Splash Four

Lard

Disque 9

Duke Robillard

Misfits

Old 97's

Pat Boyack

Spider Virus

James Taylor Quartet

Ditch Bank Okies

Sky Cries Mary

Roni Size

Lounge-a-palooza

Shallow North Dakota

The Cheater Slicks

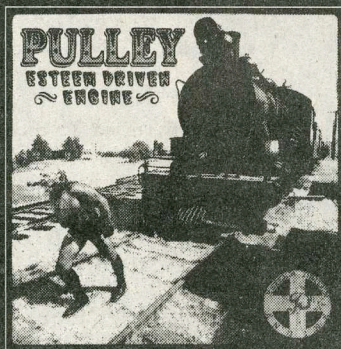
The Lynfield Pioneers

Phoenix Thunderstone

The Kittens

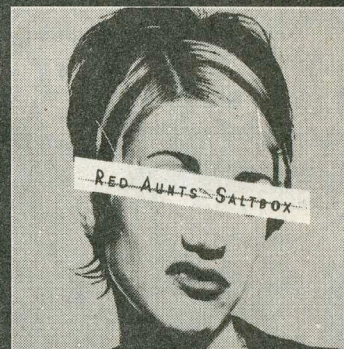


GET THESE FROM THE HOMERE



Pulley
Esteem Driven Engine

7001, 7002



Red Aunts
Saltbox

7301, 7302



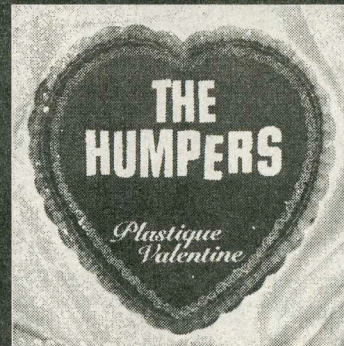
Bored Generation

6101, 6102



New Bomb Turks
Scared Straight

7901, 7902



The Humpers
Plastique Valentine

8301, 8302

Check out these records on the Epitaph Hotline, just dial (213)I-OFFEND and punch in the code.



PSYCLONE RANGERS LETTER FROM THE \$5 AND A SANDWICH TOUR 97...

After the blazing show at Garage Party 5 @ The Zephyr, The Psychclone Rangers left town and we never heard from them again. Until we got this update...

...first of fuckin' all, the goddamned van broke down again (same tranny problem) in Vegas, so we stayed to "play the tables". I was up a couple-a grand when the house dick spotted me counting cards. This resulted in a cheap trouncing in the alley behind O'Sheas...when it was all said and done though, I was still the winner with \$17 in nickels, though Jon was ahead on a technicality due to \$25 he made blowin' foreigners for a buck a piece. Ha, who's laughing now??

When we got back to LA, we met up with Chris Farley of all people, and seemed to be a genuinely nice, albeit drunk, person. His take on the Psychclone Road Show: "You guys are AWESOME" (picture the vein in his forehead throbbing as he bellows) followed by many sweaty man-hugs. Oh, and there was a group of about 10 pornstars at the show...we sure as hell coulda used your \$100 Nike's, I'll tell you whut. Johnny Legend, Davia Ardell and the majority of the Mexican wrestlers present suggested that we stole the show. Of course we did!

After a quick power-brunch with Rip Taylor on Sunset, we set off back to Vegas to pick up the van and return our gold-plated rental. That's when we discovered that the repair place broke the passenger side wing window (essential for transit smoking) and stole every goddamn one of my cassette tapes, along with a stack of "Beatin on the Batpole" ep's among other things. I think the place was called "Poppy's". "Oh, I think the glass repair place next door can fix that, no problem. Should only be



about \$85." Fuck Poppy. We gladly taped up the window and left three-week's worth of garbage from the van right at their front door, and sped off, shooting into the air.

After that, we killed a couple-a days over at the Hoover dam, then made our way to Texas, where I stayed with my brother and sent the boys to sleep at a Philly friend's place among...LITERALLY...about 500 porno mags. I later learned that any one, or all, of my mates could've scored a blowjob from the chick we bought a bag of weed from with no effort. Sheesh. And, of course, we rocked too.

After Texas we got bored with all the drivin' and traded the van in on a Lear jet, which miraculously got us home in one piece, though we all had our doubts about Bob's piloting abilities. Now we're home and working on what will certainly be a masterpiece of a next release. We'll keep you posted...

—Scot

There goes the neighborhood



Mission A Compilished

"Music From San Francisco's Mission District"

It's finally here!! The long awaited "Mission: A Compilished" I think it was well worth the wait! This comp KICKS ASS! The hipsters and blazers know nothing about this stuff!! So open your ears, and listen to the sounds of the Mission underground scene! Cause we probably wouldn't like you anyways! 32 bands, on one two C.D. collection! Rudiments, Hickey, Fuckface, The Champs, Lost Goat, Faggz, Human Beans, Barfeeders, Thunderchimp, just to name a few!!!! We're really stoked about this one!

Two C.D. Set - \$13 postage paid!

Ordering

Information:

C.D.'s - \$10,

Two C.D. Set -

\$13, Cassettes - \$6, 7" records - \$3.50.

Postage is included in prices, but any extra change would be appreciated. Make payments to DILL RECORDS and mail it to the address below.

THE BAR FEEDERS

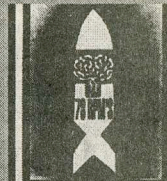


SCOTTY EL BLOTTO

For a complete catalog, send a self-addressed stamp envelope. By the way, we're re-releasing a collection of early Los Rudiments material at the beginning of 1998! Thanx for supporting DILL RECORDS!

Bar Feeders

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"What kinda music you up for, honey? Good bad, bad good, fun bad, shallow good, or headache-inducing award-winning bad bad good?"

—With apologies to Peter Hannan (*Adventures of a Huge Mouth*)

"Inability is often the mother of restriction, and restriction is the great mother of inventive performance."

—Holger Czukay (Can)

"Curioiste assomme la cucaracha aber niemals il gatto" (Curiosity kills the cockroach, but never the cat.)

—French proverb

THE POWER OF PERSUASION

International Distribution Co. "with over one million dollars in sales in 1997" seeks indie record labels and "local bands" for distribution in Australia, New Zealand, Switzerland and more. I can give no personal opinion on this outfit, of which I know nothing. But, they ask that you send "catalogues and submissions" to them at Persuasion Records, POB 133, Anaheim CA, 92815; Fax: 714-653-2303; E-mail: cruz@persuasionrecords.com.

THE REIGN IN BRAZIL

A Brazilian rock & roll band called "Planet Hemp" was arrested in Sao Paulo in late November on charges that their lyrics were supportive of the use of maconha (marijuana). The local press claims the authorities had been studying the group's lyrics for the past year. The powers that be condemned their content as violating law by "supporting and associating with the use of drugs." The law under which band members have been charged does not allow for bail, and carries a penalty of between three and fifteen years imprisonment. To contact the Embassy Of Brazil; Embassy of Brazil, 3006 Massachusetts Avenue, NW, Washington DC 20008; Telephone: (202) 745-2700; URL: <http://www.brasil.emb.nw.dc.us/>. For more on the global War get in touc with the Drug Reform Coordination Network at: <http://www.drcnet.org/rapid/1997/11-23-1.html#brazil...>

ANOTHER MAN DONE GONE TO THE HOSPITAL

Country legend Johnny Cash is diagnosed with Parkinson's Disease. He is already admitted to the Baptist Hospital in Nashville for pneumonia. The Man In Black is in serious condition...

GET CUFFED

The Chicago Underground Film Festival is seeking features, shorts, documentaries, animation and experimental film & video. The festival, held in Mid-August, features works of a controversial, cutting-edge, transgressive and/or politically incorrect nature and a DIY spirit. Deadline May 15th, 1998. Contact: info@cuff.org or <http://www.cuff.org...>

WHO'S WATCHIN' THE KIDS?

British '70s singer Gary Glitter was arrested in London last week. Child pornography photos were found on the hard drive of his computer. He took the computer in to be repaired. Workers found the photos and promptly called police. Glitter was arrested and detained overnight while the police attempted to figure out if the photos were indeed Glitter's....

JUST PLAIN NUTZHORN

Gold Leaf Productions, Inc., announces the creation of a touring festival for 1998 called the "Nutzhorn Festival." The show claims uniqueness, not only because of the "newly emerging styles" of some of the bands, but because it is an "interactive show." Nutzhorn invites the participation of the audience from conception and planning to the conclusion of each event. Beginning in Spring of 1998, Nutzhorn will focus primarily on outdoor events at colleges and universities. The second phase of the project takes the concept to a larger scale. Initial plans are to target various cities in the United States and then to take the festival to other countries. More about the Nutzhorn Festival can be found on the Internet by going to Gold Leaf Productions' website at <http://www.mindspring.com/~goldleaf> or e-mail to goldleaf@mindspring.com...

OBITUARY

Music journalist Robert Palmer died, age of 52, in a New York hospital after a long illness. He never got the liver transplant he needed. He passed peacefully, with his wife JoBeth at his side and his favorite music playing. Tax-deductible contributions to help defray enormous medical bills should be addressed to: Giomo Poetry Systems/Robert Palmer Fund, 222 Bowery St., New York, NY 10012...

BLUENOSES IN OUR BUSINESS

Following November's Senate Subcommittee Hearings on "violent lyrics" a group of concert hall operators held a meeting to brew up their own brand of censorship called "Concert Rating." We can

expect to see a major push in 1998 to initiate some form of rating system for live shows.

Possibilities include warning labels on tickets, warning labels on all advertising or promotions material, barring anyone under 18 from attending "objectionable" shows unless accompanied by a parent to outright banning of shows by "objectionable" bands. Representative Daniel Tripp (R-SC) is preparing a bill that will forbid "explicit" concerts from being held in any venue owned or financed by the state. Tripp claims he "looks at rock concerts in the same way he does pornography." In Michigan, State Senator Dale Shugers is drafting a bill to criminalize venue owners who allow minors into shows that contain what he calls, "offending acts or speech" if they are unaccompanied by an adult. Venue owners could face up to 90 days in jail and/or a fine up to \$5000. Shugers' bill is expected to come before the full Michigan legislature early next year. John Woods (Rock Out Censorship) observes, "If legislation such as this was in place in the 1950's, rock-and-roll music would have never happened!" Showing just how easy they would be to get rid of, on December 3 Pearl Jam announced they would boycott any state enacting legislation restricting concert attendance based on age...

THE TOMMIES

My 1997 Top 10, in order:

Bozzio Levin Stevens / BLACK LIGHT SYNDROME / Magna Carta
Grag Garing / ALONE / Paladin/Revolution
Moxxy Frivious / YOU WILL GO TO THE MOON / Bottom Line
King Crimson / EPITAPH / Discipline Global Mobile
The Silencers / THE SILENCERS / Total Energy
The Cramps / BIG BEAT FROM BADSVILLE / Epitaph
The Delta 72 / SOUL OF A NEW MACHINE / Touch and go
K. D. Lang / DRAG / Warner
Morphine / LIKE SWIMMING / Dreamworks/Rykodisc
Medseski, Martin and Wood / BUBBLEHOUSE / Rykodisc

Genre Top Fives, in order:

Rock/Alt
Bozzio Levin Stevens / BLACK LIGHT SYNDROME / Magna Carta
Grag Garing / ALONE / Paladin/Revolution
Moxxy Frivious / YOU WILL GO TO THE MOON / Bottom Line
King Crimson / EPITAPH / Discipline Global Mobile
The Silencers / THE SILENCERS / Total Energy

Electronica

DJ Jesse Brooks / L.A. GROOVE / 21st Circuitry
Various Artists / CAN:SACRILEGE / Mute
TCH / SINFLOWER / Iridium
Keoki / EGO-TRIP / Moonshine
Negativland / DISPEPSI / Seeland

Country/American/Folk

Continued on next page

Monday, February 2nd

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Stanford Prison Experiment

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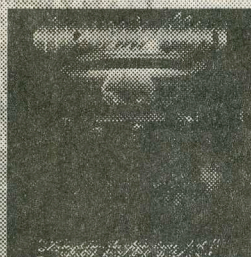
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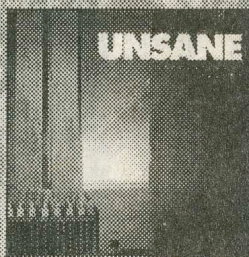


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OUTSIGHT

/Silva

REVIEWS

Garmarna

VITTRAD

Omnium Recordings, POB 7367, Mnpls. MN, 55407

Swedish folk styles expressed through violins, viola, percussion, lute, bowed harps, Jew's harps, bouzouki, guitars meet the hurdy-gurdy[!] in this young ensembles rich arrangements. Giving them more unique style is the almost Celtic inflection of strident vocalist Emma Hardelin. When Rumpelstiltskin was possessed with such jubilation that he gave away to the night his most valuable secret, I am sure he was dancing to the sounds of Garmarna. (3)

Thanatos

BLISTERS

Projekt, POB 166155, Chi. IL, 60616

BLISTERS is a powerful and evocative neo-Gothic work. It makes me want to head to my local club and see the young, black-clad vamps working out to it on the dance floor. This release features multi-instrumentalist and drum programmer William Tucker (Chris Connelly, Pigface, Foetus) for a denser and more intricate arrangements than earlier recordings. Sam Rosenthal (Black Tape For A Blue Girl) contributes the instruments and programming on "Neighbor of the Beast & Rot." This piece of whispered vocals explores the vanity of ephemeral edifices. Thomas-Carlyle Ayres (Arcanta) contributes quasi-Gregorian backing vocals to the creepy dance track "A World With Tigers." I give BLISTERS four-and-a-half tubes of black lipstick. (3.5)

The Beautiful South

BLUE IS THE COLOR

ARK 21

"Don't marry her...fuck me." Light, dreamy pop that includes lines like this knocks me over. An added feature is the various ways vocal duties are shared by Jacqueline Abbot, Dave Hemingway and Paul Heaton. Finely produced, we should note that the knob-twiddler here was Jon Kelly (Bob Dylan, Paul McCartney, Tori Amos, Kate Bush). Beautiful South reminds me of the blunt, simplicity of some of the Ann Magnuson sung Bongwater, but much more accessible. Dulcet harmonies with casual bar-talk rewritten as poetry. "Have fun/ And if you can't have fun/ Have someone else's fun."

The songs here transform spite and hurt into tuneful gems. "The whole place is pickled/ The people are pickles for sure/ And no-one knows if they've done more here/ Than they would do in a jar." Yes, yes, yes. Next time your significant other does you significant pain, just put BLUE IS THE COLOR on for a few spins. It will be more healing than a public drunk and save you any day after embarrassment. (3)

Wayne Hancock

THAT'S WHAT DADDY WANTS

ARK 21

Hancock is a brightening luminescence in the country music firmament. Orbiting around Hank Williams, Sr. the Hancock sphere also includes sparks of Swing, Blues and Jazz. This performer first captured my attention opening for Ronnie Dawson last year. I hear here in the rich arrangements of steel guitar, stand-up bass, horns, accordion and guitars the same (largely drumless) passionate and skillful union of varied Americana. Hancock's singular mix of Western Swing and traditional country sound is certain to make a permanent mark. As the facade of country music undergoes commercial homogenization, it is reassuring to know Hancock is conjuring up new magic in the back room. (3.5)

Tiny Tim

Ponk/Seeland

Both Tiny Tim's vast musical knowledge of obscure, early recordings and his stylistic wit are brought together on what proved to be his last full-length release. Early rock ("I Saw Mr. Presley Tip-toeing Through the Tulips") gets a laughing jab and the Tim-sters version of "Another Brick in the Wall (Part 2)" is unforgettable. Tim goes way back for his nasal interpretations of Irving Berlin's ("If I Had You"), Cole Porter ("True Love") and the unearthed title track. Tim introduces some cuts with his own remarks on this release, highly eclectic even for him. I mean, hip-hop gets run through the ukelele and Eugene Chadbourne shows up at the close of the disc. (3)

Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan & Party

THE SUPREME COLLECTION VOLUME 1

Caroline

Originally released in 1988, this 2-CD package provides an early blaze of the Qawwali fire that came to make Nusrat the most recognizable Sufi vocalist of all time. Another title by Khan is DEVOTIONAL AND LOVE SONGS. That is the focus of his lyric, overwhelming encounters with the divine and the beautiful. Each meeting results in a passionate, soaring and peerless feat of song. There are four tracks per CD. The Qawwali style results in the lengthy performances. There is only a single verse of lyrics per songs, but powerfully composed and mightily delivered. Consider (in translation),

"Today something has happened
I was waiting for my love all day
And she failed to appear
I have been waiting so long night has fallen
And still she has not come."

Strong poetry amplified in meaning through repetition and improvisation. Jeff Buckley penned the praising liner notes for this release earlier in the year. (2.5)

Aerial-M

AERIAL-M

Drag City, POB 476867, Chicago IL, 60647-6867

Continued on page 26

The Keltner Conservatory Band / DANCING IN THE AISLES / Rounder

Bad Livers / HOGS ON THE HIGHWAY / Sugar Hill

The Blue Rags / RAG-N-ROLL / Sub Pop

Fred Eaglesmith / LIPSTICK LIES & GASOLINE / Razor & Tie

Ani DiFranco / LIVING IN CLIP / Righteous Babe

Jazz

Dave Grusin / TWO FOR THE ROAD / GRP

Adam Holzman & the Brave New World / THE BIG PICTURE / Escapade

Joe Krencker / SKALA SIKAMINIAS / Auditorium

Jay McShann / HOOTIE'S JUMPIN' BLUES / Story Plain

Rumba Club / MAMACIA! / Palmetto

Blues

Various Artists / LOUISIANA BLUES / Arhoolie

Louell Fulson / MY FIRST RECORDINGS / Arhoolie

Charlie Musselwhite / ROUGH NEWS / Pointblank

Kelly Joe Phelps / ROLL AWAY THE STONE / Rykodisc

David Maxwell / MAXIMUM BLUES PIANO / Tone-Cool

World Music

VASEN / WHIRLED / Northside

Huun-Huur-Tu / IF I'D BEEN BORN AN EAGLE / Shanachie

Kirile Loo / SAATUS / Alula

James "Bla" Pahimui / MANA / Dancing Cat Records

Tarika / SON EGAL / Green Linnet

Comedy/Spoken word

Judy Bari / WHO KILLED JUDI BARI? / Alternative Tentacles

The Naked Cult of Hickey / VODOO GLOW SKULLS AND HICKEY / Probe

Cottonmouth, Texas / ANTI-SOCIAL BUTTERFLY / Virgin

Patrick Ball / FINNEGAN'S WAKE / Celestial Harmonies

Various Artists / RAINBOW TALES / Rounder

New music/Neo-Classical

Various Artists / GRAVIKORDS, WHIRLIES AND PYROPHONES / Ellipsis

Frank Pahl / IN CAHOOTS / Vaccination

Holgar Czukay / MOVING PICTURES / Purple Pyramid

Haco / HACO / ReR/Cumieform

Jon Jang / ISLAND / Soul Note

Classical

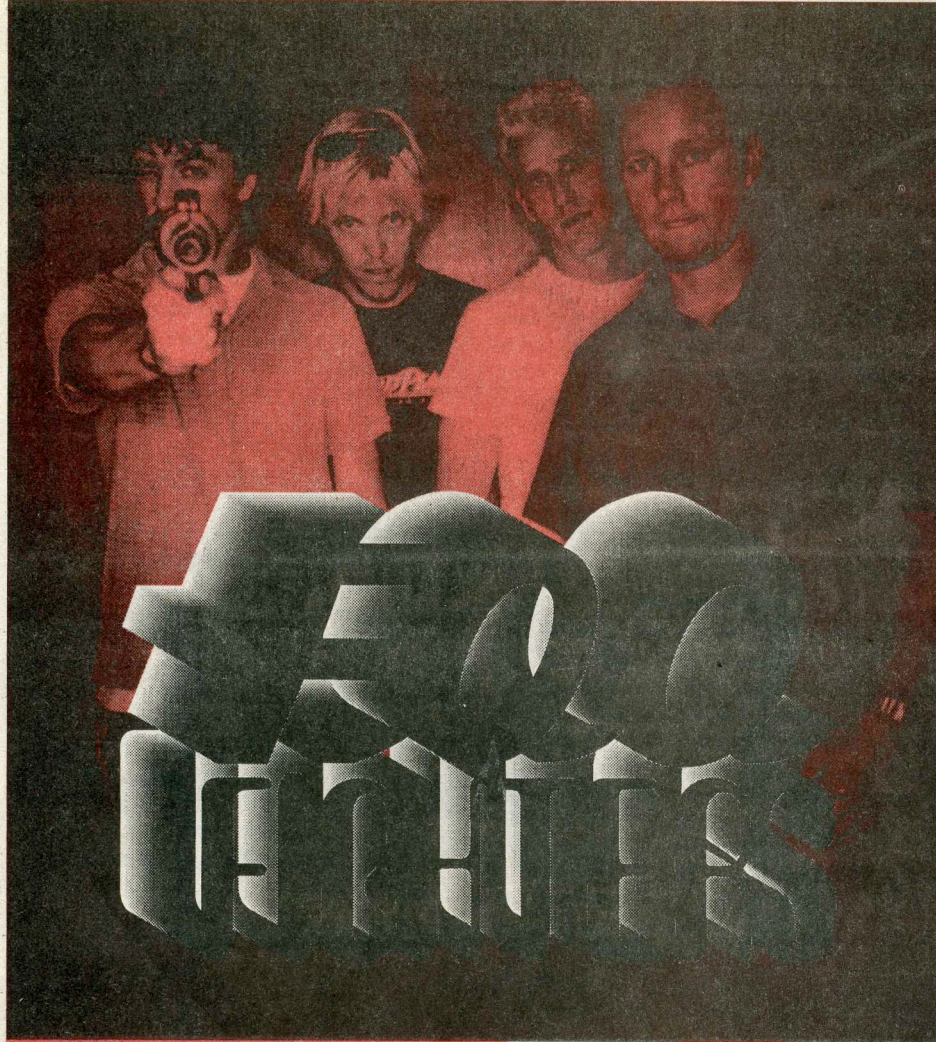
Michael Nyman / AFTER EXTRA TIME / Caroline

Various Artists / CHORAL CINEAMCLASSICS / Silva

Various Artists / MAGNUM MYSTERIUM I & II / Celestial Harmonies

John Cale / EAT/KISS: MUSIC FOR THE FILMS BY ANDY WARHOL / Rykodisc

Brotsky Quartet / BRUBECK - STRAVISNKY - WEILL



OK, so now I know how my buddy Ed feels. Ed is a dentist in Bountiful. I kid you not, to get this interview and then to do this interview was like pulling teeth. Not only was both of these things hard to accomplish, it was almost painful. Usually, faithful reader, you only see about 1/2 or less of the actual interview. I'm like Sam the butcher. I trim away the fat so you don't have to waste your time. You can get right to the "meat" of the interview and go on your merry way. Not this time, ooooooh-ho-ho No! This time, I am transcribing the whole thing, just so you can have a feel for what this was like.

All of you that care, know by now that the Foo Fighters cancelled their date for Salt Lake City due to "terrible road conditions in Colorado." Well, I call Foul! a very excellent source of mine said that J.C. McNeil didn't sell enough tickets so he cancelled the show. That's what I love about United Concerts, they are so honest and upfront with all the good people of Zion. (noticed it wasn't rebooked? Usually when so much money is on the line, a cancelled show gets rebooked in a New York minute!)

Nate Mendel called me at my home for the interview. In that short amount of time, I

can tell Nate is a really nice guy. But can I tell you it's kind of hard to interview a guy in the band that doesn't write any of the songs. How can I ask him specifics about the music, lyrics, etc., if this isn't the main man I'm talking to? Well, it's not the first obstacle I've had to overcome here at Slug, believe you me! (You should see some of the people I have to deal with here on a daily basis, then you would know exactly what I'm talking about.)

Anywho, for those of you that are just coming out of the haze and regaining consciousness, the Foo Fighters live line-up is this, (and oh, yea, you should be aware that it's a little different from their current CD line-up.) Dave Grohl-vocals, guitar, Taylor Hawkins-drums, Franz Stahl-guitar, Nate Mendel-bass.

NM: Hey it's Nate from the Foo Fighters

Slug: Hey Nate, how ya doing?

NM: Good **Slug:** Where are you calling from?

NM: Calling from Kansas City

Slug: Kansas City, MO., huh? **NM:** Yea **Slug:**

How's it going? **NM:** It's raining **Slug:** Is it?

NM: Yea, and we're in a Holiday Inn in the middle of no where **Slug:** And it's raining-

NM: Yea **Slug:** Where are you from?

NM: Tri-Cities, Washington, eastern

Washington Slug: Do you still live there?

NM: uh, no I transplanted over to the west side **Slug:** West side?

NM: Yea, Seattle and Tacoma **Slug:** Who were you inspired by, as a bass player? Who do you look up to? **NM:** Uumm, Bootsy Collins, Tina Weymouth, Verdeen White. I don't play like a funk player, but I love 'em.

Slug: So you love the funk players, huh? **NM:**

Yea, I definitely do. Rock bass playing is pretty...I don't know, not a lot to it. **Slug:** I listen

to a lot of funk and that's cool that Bootsy

Collins is someone you look up to. **NM:**

Totally, just because he wears a cape. **Slug:**

Yea, and those funky glasses, huh? **NM:** Yea

Slug: As far as bands now, who do you listen

to? **NM:** Built to Spill, Portishead **Slug:** um-

hum **NM:** What else...Any Radiohead record,

like everybody else. I'm a sucker, I love it.

Slug: What's your favorite song, off of The

Colour and the Shape? **NM:** I don't know,

maybe Everlong? **Slug:** What's your favorite

song to play live? **NM:** Favorite one live?

Right now, it's not one that's on the record, it's

the song called The Colour and the Shape.

Slug: And it didn't make the record? **NM:**

No. Oh, you know what, we're doing Walking

After You, now, which is on the record and I

love playing that one. **Slug:** So, for those that

don't know, you've actually recorded a song

called The Colour and the Shape but it's not on

the CD, right?

NM: Yea **Slug:** That's sort of like the Led

Zeppelin, Houses of the Holy trick

NM: Is it? **Slug:** Yea **NM:** I didn't know that,

but umm, I'm sure Dave had that in mind

because he's a big Led Zeppelin Fan.

Slug: Oh, is he? **NM:** Yea **Slug:** How's the

tour been going?

NM: It's going pretty well, actually. It's a

depressed touring market

right now. **Slug:** Meaning not a lot of people

coming out to the shows...???

NM: Yea, but we're doing OK. **Slug:** What's

the best part of playing live for you? What do

you enjoy the most? **NM:** Ummm. I...the

best part about playing live..... **Slug:** Yea, do

you like the adrenaline rush right before you

hit the stage? Do you like the whole thing?

Do you like certain parts of it?

NM: Yea, I like playing and having people

that are obviously appreciating it there. Like

I love playing music, and it's great in the base-

ment. And then when you get out and your

able to enjoy that on top of a bunch of people

going, "Alright! That's so cool!" It's the syn-

ergy of the moment. **Slug:** This is different for

everybody, but does every night have it's own

different, distinct feel? Or does every night

feel the same to you? Or are there different

areas of the country that feel different?

NM: That is a subtle question. Because it

does feel nearly the same every night, if you

look at it one way. You are basically playing

the same set, with the same guys, same

instruments and it gets routine. But then

there is a different, subtle feel every night and it can be something that triggers a good show or a bad show. You know, like how far the barricade is from the stage or the acoustics or something like that.

Slug: Where have you enjoyed or not enjoyed playing live so far? Has there been any place that you've kinda walked out thinking, 'Oh, that was kind of weird.' Or have you played and left thinking, 'Man, that was one of the best times we've had?' **NM:** We just had a show in Toronto and for some reason the band is really popular in Canada. We played to like 4,000 people in this warehouse and they were just going nuts! And that was awesome! And then we opened up for the Rolling Stones and that was just like, 'What the hell was that all about?' **Slug:** Yea, that's got to take it to a whole other level, not so much opening for the Stones, but to size of the crowds they play to. **NM:** Yea, but it was still only about a fifth full. That's still 10-15,000 people. That was just so bizarre. We just had no reason to be there. **Slug:** Really? Is that how you feel, really? **NM:** Kind of. I'm glad we did. It was a total novelty. But as far as playing and doing your music it's kind of silly. **Slug:** How did you hook up with Dave?

NM: We were acquaintances. The band I was in before this was Sunny Day Real Estate. He came to see one of our last shows. He saw

William and I play and then asked us to join the band. **Slug:** Did it blow you away?

NM: Uummm, yea. **Slug:** Were you stoked about it? **NM:** Yea, stoked and nervous and excited, ya know. It was very strange, certainly very surreal.

Slug: With Dave doing so much of the writing, the lyrics and everything, how is it to work with him? **NM:** Pretty easy, really. As far as a new song goes, Dave will usually show up at sound check and say, 'Check out this riff.' We'll jam on it and do our thing. We'll feed off of each other and come up with a song. It runs pretty smoothly.

Slug: The Foo Fighters have had quite a few changes in a short period of time. **NM:** Yes we have. **Slug:** (Me...laughing) How's that going now?

NM: It's going good. We've got good people. Franz has been a good addition to the band, as well as Taylor, so.... **Slug:** Was that transition from Pat Smear to Franz an easy one for Franz or was it kind of rocky?

NM: I don't know man, if it was rocky, he didn't let on.

Slug: Really? So it seemed smooth to you guys?

NM: Yea, definitely. He handled it well. There was a lot of pressure because Pat was a pretty important part of the band.

Slug: What happened to William Goldsmith?

NM: He left. It was difficult playing drums

in a band with Dave. He felt second guessed a lot. And in the end he was. On the record his

parts got redone, so it just didn't work out for him.

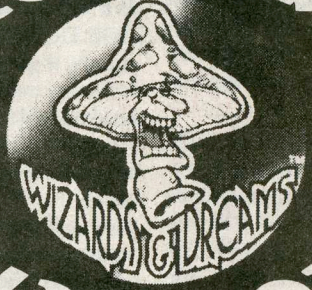
Slug: Tell me about the video Monkey Wrench, which by the way, I think is a great video. It's got this real, fun feel to it. **NM:** Oh, cool. It was actually Dave's idea, he dreamt it. He showed up in the lobby one day and told us about it, described it and we did it. **Slug:** How long did it take to shoot?

NM: Two days. **Slug:** Anything else Nate? Anything else you want to pass along to the readers of SLUG Magazine? **NM:** Uummmmm, nah, no words of wisdom. **Slug:** No words of wisdom? **NM:** Uummm, no. All Pass.

Well, here it is press time and still no word of a re-booking date for the Foo Fighters. In the mean time check out their CD, The Colour and the Shape. It really is killer. How can you not like Everlong? I don't care if they do play it on the radio 20 times a day, that song smokes, not to mention the lyrics are way cool, to and by the way, if you are getting sick of it, turn off the radio. Also check out Hey, Johnny Park! My Poor Brain and Wind Up. Stay out of trouble and stay warm!

—Royce & Nick!

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OUTSIGHT

Aerial-M is another name for guitarist Dave Pajo. AERIAL-M is another name for smooth, shaded instrumental music. From the same Louisville scene that gave us Tortoise, a good chaser for Stereolab. Pajo's compositions work together to form a real headspace the listener can climb into. If you will, a comfy loft of slow-tempo drums and thinly rendered guitar. (3)

Sting/Police THE VERY BEST OF A&M

Highlights of the bountiful careers of The Police and Sting as a solo artist are contained in seventeen tracks of this greatest hits. An eighteenth track is the Puff Daddy remix of "Roxanne." It is quite a jarring change from the original version tracked immediately before it! But hey, if it gets more kids to check out The Police and Sting, I'm all for it. The Police is a natural bridge from 80s New Wave to 90s pop and thereby encapsulate largely the spirit of music from the clubs to the FM dial in America and England for two decades. Quite simply, a very good album. (4.5)

The High Lamas COLD AND BOUNCY V2 Records, 14 E 4th St, 3d Fl, NYC NY, 10012

Crystalline pop melodies are still the singular and golden fare of Sean O'Hagan's High Llamas project. Here on COLD AND BOUNCY, electronic music makers are more relied on than instrumentation, but O'Haga guarantees his genius once again with a work that is much more bouncy than it is cold. COLD AND BOUNCY mesmerizes, caresses and cures. (4)

Half-Japanese HEAVEN SENT Emperor Jones, POB 49771, Austin TX, 78765

Jad Fair's voice waxes between an unstable nasal falsetto and Lou Reed on the 64-minute title track. I hear the rhyming stream of consciousness lyrics as a psychological chronicle of 'falling in like' with someone. Nine additional tracks of sparse lo-fi music

and Fair's near conversational observations are "remixes" of "Heaven Sent" and seem to tell the crumbling tale of like waning into disinterest. Spend an hour and some minutes in Jad's dream. It's not quite Technicolor, but I think every shade of grey is represented. (3.5)

Tara MacLean SILENCE Nettwerk Records

Sensitive and emotive 23-year-old singer songwriter Tara MacLean of intimate and personal songs. I am especially drawn to the Canadian's "If You Could" and acoustic "Let Her Feel The Rain." These are the clearest glimpses into the promising talent captured on her debut. The beauty is in the simplicity at the heart of the production; Tara's dulcet voice and her guitar. The keyboards and strings are tastefully added to frame this union. (3)

Various Artists WE WILL FALL: THE IGGY POP TRIBUTE Royalty Records

An interesting and varied approach to the Iggy Pop/ Stooges catalogue is bolstered by a booklet thick with dramatic Iggy action poses caught on film. The songs handled here are durable, industrial-strength tunes that cannot be hurt no matter how much you mistreat them. I tend toward the treatments here that are heavy-handed and rough. Specifically, I am thinking about Joan Jett & The Blackhearts ("Real Wild Child"), NY Loose ("Lust For Life"), Pansy Division (giving a new meaning to "stick it deep inside" in "Loose"), Jayne County ("Down On The Street/Little Doll"), Superdrag ("1970"). Breaking this form but still winning me over is Bush Tetras ("Sister Midnight"), Extra Fancy ("Sell Your Love"), and Lenny Kaye with the title track. Also present is Joey Ramone, Red Hot Chili Peppers, Adolph's Dog (featuring Debbie Harry), Misfits, Monster Magnet, Nada Surf, Blanks 77, D-Generation, Sugar Ray, and Holy Bulls. A portion of the price from each disc goes to LIFEbeat, 'the music industry's

response to the AIDS crisis." (3)

Jack Bruce SITTING ON TOP OF THE WORLD

Times Square Records/Silva Screen Records, 1600 Broadway #910, NYC NY, 10019

Legendary Cream bassist Jack Bruce celebrates his fiftieth birthday by jamming with a few friends. The second track ("Over The Cliff"), a three-way instrumental pull between Bruce, Cream power drummer Ginger Baker and Dick Heckstall-Smith on sax, is worth the price of admission. As a rule, the instruments and mean solos come through loud and clear but the vocals often seem more thin. Another highlight is Jack tackling Buddy Guy's "First Time I Met The Blues" adding guitarist Clem Clempson to the trio that just whipped out "Over The Cliff." The Cream rhythm section works out on Howlin' Wolfs "Sittin' On Top of the World" with guitarist Gary Moore. But, check out the following track when Pete Brown helps out for "Politician" then leaves them to take care of Dixon's "Spoonful." For the last cut, everyone jams together on "Sunshine of Your Love."

Fu Manchu THE ACTION IS GO Mammoth

The only thing wrong with Blue Cheer is they only recorded so much. They'll probably never be a "new" Blue Cheer album of any kind. Fortunately, we have Fu Manchu. Fu has taken the rock beast down to the Parchment Farm and made it their servant. They are delivering the rations of stoner rock to those survivors of the War On Drugs. This hard and heavy airdrop is produced by J. Yuenger (White Zombie). B-movies, wicked weed and big 70s cars are the main inspirations, here. Fu also showcases two new members. Bob Balch replaces Eddie Glass on guitar and proven pot rocker Brant Bjork (Kyuss) takes over for Ruben Romano on drums. A disc worth four little bong silhouettes. (4)

Real Lulu WE LOVE NICK Big Beef Records, POB 303 WBB, Dayton OH, 45409 <http://www.bigbeef.com>

This post-punk riff-rock band consists of is visited by such all-stars as drummers Jim Macpherson (The Breeders/The Amps), Steve Johnson

(The Pure Plastic Tree), Matt Espy (Cage/Concorded Frequency), and Tim Taylor (Brainiac). The name of the Real Lulu drummer was Gregg Spence (Cage/The Mulchmen). He is on eight of the fourteen tracks. He left the band in the face of other musical obligations, but hey thinks are not looking bad. They got hooks and Kim Deal noticed them enough to produce their debut single, "Hell" (present and accounted for here). The real face of the music, though, is the shared vocal duties of songwriters Kattie Dougherty (guitar) and Sharon Gavlick (bass). The music is bouncy and fun, reminding me of the female-voiced Avengers ("Has the Feeling Got to You Yet"), and mostly about those capricious men. (3.5)

Fred Eaglesmith LIPSTICK LIES & GASOLINE Razor & Tie

Eaglesmith's stylists roots-rock noir is clever and captivating. He encounters a cold and cruel world, wryly. He soars and crafts somewhere between Steve Earle and Tom Waits. He has the history and the hooks to bring the dusty road into your life, too. (4)

Blue Mountain HOMEGROWN Roadrunner

Full, traditional country sound and sad rural ballads mark HOMEGROWN. A very basic, unornamented production works very well here. If John Mellencamp had never left that small town, he could probably fit into Blue Mountain. (3.5)

STYLUS COUNCIL

Soul-Junk 1944 (7") Infinite Chug, 14 Worcester Close, Langdon Hills, Essex SS16 6TW, United Kingdom <http://www.members.aol.com/aclare7865> AClare7865@aol.com Soul-Junk, 1723 1/2 Drescher St., SD CA, 92111

On listening to this 7" I cannot help but imagine a tight clot of clowns pouring out of a little car. Their stunt is to upset a circus tent full of little children with their whistles, percussion, goofy rhythms and dissonance. Labelmeister Andrew Clare is right when he calls this a "tempestuous free rumble." This is especially true with orgasmically ending "Chanting Her Name." Four tracks squeeze into this little vinyl transport and the last cut, "Keep

Yr Antennae Up" is a comparatively mild march to send the red-eyed bleacher rats out into the harsh daylight. The project is built around a guy named Glenn, formerly of Truman's Water. (3)

William Dell and Wee Jams "A Precious Love" b/w "It Ain't No Big Thing"

Stacy's Golden Wax, POB 41104, Pitts. PA, 15202

You have to respect Bill Dell and company for continually pumping out 45s for some twenty years, now. Still pushing the Oldies thing, I see. The A-Side is a little over the top for me. It reminds me of the delivery William Shatner used on "Tambourine Man." The B-Side is a ballad and I like that better. I like the horns on this. According to the propaganda I have, a four to five piece horn section joins an eleven-piece performing band with five vocalists for the live show. They sold a thousand of their '96 single, half the number of CDs for that year. Who are these rabid new 45 Oldies fans? (2)

Lost Goat

"Golem" b/w "October"

Alternative Tentacles Records, POB 419092, SF CA, 94141-9092

On hearing this 7" I think I recognize the vocals of Tomas Antona (Alice Donut). But, the lineup is identified as Tina, Eric and Erica. So, I guess it is a soundalike. Lost Goat has opted for a lot of trebly noise in their guitar rock, apparently meant to be for "All Rockers everywhere." I see why I like Alice Donut so much. Their full use of the bottom end ties their music together much more. This is just the Donut with a hole in it. "October" has more drums in the final mix, a much more balanced sound. (2)

Iron Bong

BIG HITS

Lost Records, 6110 E Mockingbird #102-293, Dallas TX, 75214-2600

Iron Bong launches a new rock-based exploration on each track. This appeals to the stoner in you. A full LP of twisted, weird and rocking experiments. BIG HITS is a very limited edition on virgin vinyl. Harsh acid jams from Texas with an occasional Farfisa appearance. Lost Records has more weirdness on their roster and they also mail order Krautrock and related import vinyl. (2.5)

Loosey Music

HARMONY MOUNTAIN

Lost Records, 6110 E Mockingbird #102-293, Dallas TX, 75214-2600

This limited edition of 300 virgin vinyl LPs boasts a hand-painted cover for each record. A short story by Jeanette Goforth is the basis for this concept album. Vocalist Lucy Music (Bag) is very good. Her melodic, high-end voice is a good complement to the pandemonium of backing music. Definitely "loosey" on the rock and Lucy is the Music. (2.5)

READABLES

Electronic Revolution

William Burroughs

Expanded Media Edition/AK Press

In Electric Revolution, Burroughs expounds on his virus theory (even ideas as language development can be considered on this virus model), the power of language includes some Scientology and shows great foresight in the powerful manipulation of electronically recorded speech and images. Big Bill shoes himself to over twenty years ahead of Emergency Broadcast Network and Noam Chomsky. WSB paints a picture of Orwellian manipulation and orgiastic festivals of electronically produced sights and sounds for mind-expansion and consciousness-raising. I wonder if he knew or had a chance to experience live performances by, say, The Orb or The Chemical Brothers? This is a far seeing 62-page synthesis of Burroughs' erudition and imagination and the best of the German and English Expanded Media Editions that I read.

Violin

Anne Rice
Knopf

Anne Rice does not write masterpieces. I never thought she did. I had listed some problems I have with the clumsy way she pens dialogue, but I'll spare you that. She is immensely popular and that itself merits investigation. What is it that Anne Rice expresses that the world, if not solely Americans, wants to read? She is writing to her reader, personally, as if the work were a letter. At the end of the book she "signs" a closing to suggest this. Her introduction is just as personal. Rice spells out her personal demons. We like that. As Roky Erickson noted, "when you have ghosts you have everything." She personifies death and triumphs over that. From B-Movies to opera, we like that. She makes trivial the powers of time, the distances of geography, and the

limits of normal resources. We like to surpass all such boundaries and restraints. In all this, Anne accurately hits the target.

Eld Rich Palmer' Zine

Krzysztof, Sadza, Napoleonska 25 A, Mlawka, 06-500, Poland

Krzysztof puts together a good zine, tightly packed with fringe music makers in interview and review. Not satisfied with the results of his DIY zine science, Krzysztof includes a page-by-page errata insert. He is anti-copyright, so you and all your friends can photocopy these for each other. The writing on music is broken up with a couple pages of poetry. In this issue, interviews with Mason Jones (Trance, Chamel Music Records), Elend, eclectic Britishers Szeki Kurva, weird and free-off Polish band Mussorgski and other projects and labels. Get the latest news from the Turkish and Greek scene reports, too. Hey, don't use the fanzine name if you write to Krzysztof.

Build

Do Something Inc., 423 W 55th St., 8th Fl., NYC, NY, 10019
dosomthing@aol.com

Actor Andrew Shue (Melrose Place) had a vision, and now there is a foundation. This magazine is an ongoing document of Shue and cohort's many community-building programs. Nine local and national programs are under the Do Something umbrella. The most widespread seems to be \$500 grants to young people across the country with creative problem-solving ideas. The Fall 97 edition talks to Queen Latifah and 60s/90s leaders from former Black Panther Bobby Seale to Darin Day, who runs Michigan's HERO homeless empowerment organization. As DOA said, talk - action 0.

VIDEO

The Best Of The Doors

Universal

The surviving three members of The Doors produced this video retrospective. This compendium serves as a lesson on The Doors, a monument to The Doors and a good, patient look at the group without trivializing 90s style hyperediting. Let's get "The Ghost Song" out of the way first. I find this collaborative effort of the remaining trio and Morrison's poetry to be the one weak spot on the one hour, thirteen-minute cassette. They are not speaking with a Doors voice and the

results seem perfunctory and as if Jim was reciting poetry over a pretentious and directionless coffeehouse house band, not his old bandmates. That said, let me go on and tell you about the rest of the video, which makes well worth seeking out. Present is the Manzarek filmed "MTV banned"

clip for "Gloria" with live shots. Morrison speaks about his upcoming Florida obscenity trial in a segment from possibly his last filmed interview. Most of the material is musical, but there is also some

footage of the band playing poker in a motel room. Speaking of motels, the staging of the MORRISON HOTEL cover photo is discussed by shutterbug Henry Ditz to piano theme newly composed by Ray Manzarek. Several vault versions of "Strange Days" compile into one video. We also get a wiggled interview on PBS. The group stuns a nonplussed Hamburg street crowd with a live performance of "Hello I Love You" during The Doors' first European tour. Other songs treated include "Break On Through," "Touch Me," "Light My Fire" from the Ed Sullivan Show, "Horse Latitudes," the complete 'skinny' on "L.A. Woman," "Wild Child," "The Unknown Soldier," "The Changeling," "Wishful Sinful," "Spanish Caravan," and "Alabama Song." In promoting this release, Universal promises to create a Doors website off <http://www.universalstudios.com/home> that may feature Doors chat sessions, pictures and Doors links.

Jazz Cocktails

Kino On Video, 333 W 39th St., NYC NY, 10018

kinoint@infohouse.com

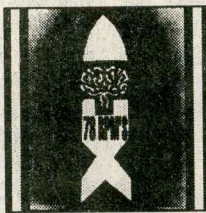
This is the second volume of Kino's four-part series of Paramount musical shorts. Another dimension is added to our image of these jazz greats through their appearance in the films. Fats Waller is a vivacious bear at the piano in Ain't Misbehavin' and Artie Shaw and company are wooden and stoic as they school us in Shaw's Class In Swing. Still, they are all classic and entertaining, some humorous. Bing Crosby works in plenty of slapstick between three ballads in the 1932 Dream House. Cab Calloway provides a peerless blend of antics, style and great music in Hi-De-Ho (1933). Hollywood dreams bring out the unchallengeable charm of a 1930 Ginger Rogers in Office Blues. Also among the seven films is Duke Ellington (with actress-dancer Fredi Washington) turning blue to a sad tale.

Vinyl

Chixdiggitt! - "Chupacabras/20 Times" - Honest Don's. Chixdiggitt are no longer with the once mighty SubPop. Honest Don's picked them up and the single is a preview of a forthcoming full-length. The A-side is about sucking a goat or something. Your basic pop-punk from a band of specialists. **Stella Brass** - *Figure Eights and Heart Shapes* - "Learning To Swim"/"Fine Day For The Lake" - Culvert Records. Stella Brass lost the trumpet for the new single. The four-piece present for the session created two moody pieces using water as a metaphor for emotional entanglement. The poetry is a literate explanation of the most intense human experience and the desire to help, protect and save those encountered during the mating dance. In the end each person is alone, the beast with two backs always separates and Stella Brass captures it all with plaintive words and music. **NOFX** - "All Of Me"/"The Desperation's Gone" - Fat Wreck Chords. It had to happen sooner or later. NOFX interprets a depressing standard in typical fashion. The desperation lasts about two minutes before flip time. NOFX is glad that all of them was taken because freedom is the replacement.

Probe! - "Microscopic"/"Touch Me" - Trajectory Records. Devo lives! The single is divided into a "boy side" and a "girl side." The girl makes the boy feel small - microscopic on the "boy side." Blondie lives! The "girl side" has the girl begging the boy to touch her in spite of his smallness. Weren't the '80s great? Is there a need to relive

them? **The Boss Martians vs. The Surf Trio** - "Martian Stomp," "Ape Hangers"/"Fog Lifter," "Wine, Wine, Wine" - Blood Red Vinyl. Here's one to fully dig. There are wrestlers on the front cover and a wrestler in a mask on the rear. The format is "battle of the



bands" and the music is surf. The record has me wishing for an antique jukebox or a battery operated record player. With a jukebox I could load 50 45s and listen all day. With a battery operated turntable I could take my records downtown and offend all the mall-rats. I love this shit a hell of a lot more than I love *Happy Days*. Give the win to the Surf Trio. "Wine, Wine, Wine" indeed. **The Jimmies** - Cheap - "Cheap," "El



Paso"/"Already Wasted" - Blood Red Vinyl. What can I say. The first song is about drinking. It's trashy, it's shitty garage punk and it's a record. Bad attitudes and we don't care about loosing our guitar in El Paso. The Jimmies aren't sensitive, if you are go listen to your Cure records. **Vida** - "Remember Me"/"Race Car" - Vida. Vida presents more moody rock about relationships and the loneliness surrounding them. Isn't any one happy these days? "I love, I breath, I crave misery." "There is no vacancy when you are empty." The girl vocals are more reminiscent of early punk

rock Go Go's than the X the band references.

78 RPM'S - "The Longest Way Home"/"21st. Street Bash," "Leg Picked Fly" - Dill Records. Oh boy, punk ska. The "third wave." "The Longest Way Home" is 78 RPM'S attempt at radio.



How many ska bands can fit on a radio play list? The tunes for the party reside on the flip. No Doubt a lot of Provo/Orem's ska kids have rich daddies with a "Seaburg" in the "family room."

Sneak some booze in, have a big party and destroy the "family room with the 78 RPM'S. **Unbelievable Jolly Machine** - "This Is My Life"/"Bitter." Mutagenic Records. Incredibly enough, after listen-



ing to the 78 RPM'S, the Unbelievable Jolly Machine checks in with punk heavily influenced by ska. They aren't as happy because their daddies don't have the Seaburg in the family room. Actually they probably don't have daddies. Daddy ran away with the secretary and mummy raised them. Punk rock with a ska beat and it's from Minneapolis with a "cool" sticker. **The Church Keys** - "Viva Viva Rock And Roll"/"Peephole," "Staggerin'" - Norton. Now here's a band interested in tone. The genre is trashy garage rock with a rockabilly approach, but the tones the boys coax from their guitars are what rock 'n' roll



memories are made of. The flip is a dirty blues. Production on this number makes all the difference. Tube amps, bullet mikes, analog, analog, analog! "Staggerin'" is a raunchy

instrumental featuring Lars Espensen on sax. Jitterbug to this shit fool. **Gene Summers** - Record Date - "Fancy D a n," "Nervous"/"Gotta Lotta That," "Twixteen" - Norton. Norton dug up some Gene Summers' demo recordings for this '50s style EP. "Fancy



Dan" kicks off side A in mighty fancy fashion. The song has never been released. "Nervous" is as familiar as "Anarchy In The U.K" to SLUG readers I'm sure. When the punk rock girl walks by and the hands get sweaty, the heart starts pounding and the blood starts pumping into the groin area - that's what Gene Summers was describing back in '58. "Baby I need some lovin' from you." The flip has demos of two more famous Summers' songs. Sexual tension was what Summers was all about. Mortgage the house, pawn the car title, write to Norton at Box 646 Cooper Station, New York, NY 10003 and the cats will send a catalog filled with hot wax as it should be.



Now for a whole stack of trash. **The Volcanos** - "Wine, Wine, Wine"/"Girls, Girls, Girls" - Get Hip. Reach Get Hip at P.O. Box 666, Canonsburg, Pa. 15317. For the second time in the last hour a band checks in with a cover of "Wine, Wine, Wine."



"Girls, Girls, Girls is all surf. No, don't think Beach Boys or Jan & Dean. Think the Queens. Harmonies, guitar solos, drums, waves! The next time some "critic" writes about the perfect pop song mention "Girls, Girls, Girls." **The Volcanos** - Musica Pro Proximum Millennium - "Pompeii"/"War Drums, "Where It's Happening" - Estrus. Oops. How did this Estrus title sneak in here? P.O. Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227. The Estrus platter is all twang and reverb. It will all

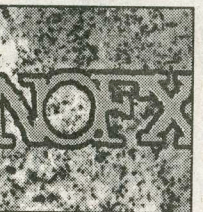
end in two years. Prepare for the end with big waves of surf guitars and sing "Where It's Happening" when it all comes down, but don't forget the wine and the girls. **Sloppy Seconds** - "Come Back Traci/Leavin' On A Jet Plane." - Get Hip. Call Sloppy Seconds gutter pop punk. The cover alone is worth checking out. These sick fuckers choose to cover John



Denver's "Leaving On A Jet Plane." "Leaving on a jet plane, don't know when I'll be back again." That's mean. **The Sugar Freaks** - "Summertime"/"I Feel Alright" - Dionysus. P.O. Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507. Two songs celebrating summertime fun are perfect for the dead of winter. The A-side features Dionysus copying a Liberty Records label. For the B-side they copied Mercury. Anyone believing the Muffs are the word in girl pop punk is ordered to discover the Sugar Freaks. Pure excellence in pressed vinyl trash. **The Fabulous Mach Kung-Fu** - "Spicy Drum"/"Rockin' At The Phil" - Dionysus.



Japanese bands trapped in America's past usually beat out the originals. The Fabulous Mach Kung-Fu kick girl group (think Shangri-la's) on the A-side and then proceed to blend big Grady Martin guitar into the grit of a beach pressed into a piece of paper used for smoothing. Massive! **Cobra Verde/Leaving Trains** - "For My Woman"/"Five Years Ahead Of My Time" - Get Hip. Deadbolt loaf's Steve Vai's meat is a description of Cobra Verde's selection. The Leaving Trains hotwire the Reverend Horton Heat's bus and take it on a psilocybin slide. **The Countbackwurds** - "Sorry Charlie"/"The Alligator" - Telstar Records. P.O. Box 1123,



Hoboken NJ 07030. The Countbackwurds do exactly that. "Sorry Charlie" sounds like it was recorded using a primitive reel to reel in a church basement. The same holds true for "The Alligator." The record is charming. Sixties retro isn't popular and it never will be. **Pilsner/Liverball** - "Monster Inside My Head"/"Liar" - Get

Hip. Too often Get Hip is stereotyped as a "garage" label. This split proves how wrong the stereotype is. Sure the genre is punk, but it is old-style hardcore, not garage. Both bands are so tough and gnarled that sweet-cheeks with melodies and sing-a-long circle pits cower beneath pink cotton candy clouds. I'd say asshole ripping, but this isn't prison or a porn video. That territory was already covered by Sloppy Seconds. **Gorka Pop Y La Secta** - "Kill City"/"Hard Me On" - Get Hip. A Basque band covers

Iggy and offers up one original. I wonder what "Hard Me On" is all about? "Sex, sex, sex, hard me on" is the chorus and if the song sounds familiar the reader was probably present at a Detroit concert. Stooges, stooges, stooges!

Ice Nine - Psychology And Extreme Violence - "One Dollar Man," "Walk Me Crutch," "Forthcoming"/"Surreal," "City Son," "Aspirin Vs. Me" - Rhetoric Records. A seven inch mini album from some friends of John Forgach. The idea here is to scream unintelligibly while the band engages in heavy metal noise jams. "Smoke, fire, aaaaargh!" After listening don't reach for the aspirin. It's a Robitussin moment.

Joe Gee

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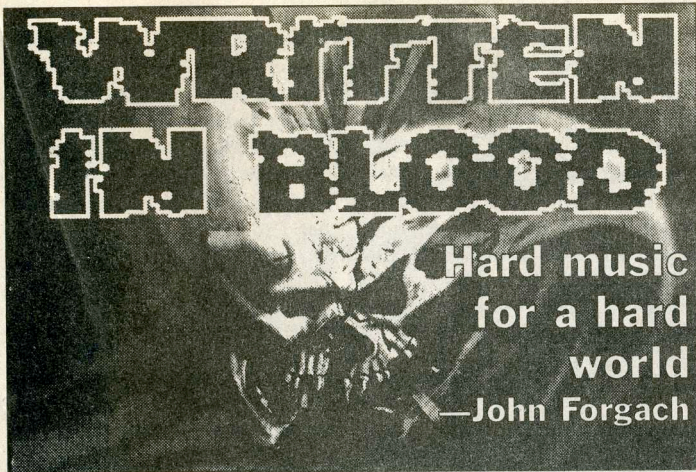
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BAD BRAINS

Omega Sessions Victory

In an effort to ensure hardcore's rise in popularity, Victory Records is releasing albums that highlight some of the genres history makers and it's future heavy-hitters. One of the releases spearheading the campaign is the Bad Brain's, OMEGA SESSIONS. This five song release, recorded in 1980, was the band's first big studio effort. For those of you out there that didn't really get into the B.B's until later releases (like myself) such as '89s, QUICKNESS or '93s, RISE, the OMEGA SESSIONS will give you insight into the band's formative years. This release exemplifies the Bad Brain's diverse style, which has defied ever really being pinned down throughout their career.

HYPOCRISY

The Final Chapter Nuclear Blast

After six years the members of Sweden's Hypocrisy have written the final chapter in the band's career. At least that's what they allude to with the title of their latest album, THE FINAL CHAPTER. Hell, right on the front cover is the statement - ...this will be my final chapter...- Stick a fork in them, they are done. As with previous albums, guitarist/vocalist/producer Peter Tagtgren used layers of guitars and keyboards to get a very full, almost orchestrated

sound. Some of the songs have chunky, riff-heavy grooves, while others flow along with that international-goth flavor that seems to be so popular these days. At this point in time, saying what Tagtgren will be doing in the future would be merely speculation, though I suspect he will be spending time producing other bands before starting up another project of his own.

TESTAMENT

Signs Of Chaos: The Best Of Testament Mayhem

It's 1987 and I'm in the eleventh grade. I sat in the back of a bus headed from Dover, DE to D.C.. I was on the way to visit a buddy that was living there at the time (to get drunk, of course - ah, good times). I methodically removed the cellophane from two tapes - THE LEGACY from Testament and TAKING OVER from Overkill. I didn't know anything about this band Testament at the time, but the tape cover must have past my stringent tape cover requirements so I bought it for the trip.... Well, that's the first time I listened to the band Testament. That's it. End of story. What do you want from me? I write for SLUG not some damn Better Homes and Gardens. It's been ten years since those simpler times. Over the past ten years I've somehow become responsible for my own bills and the band Testament has helped to cre-

ate a scene, gone through lineup changes, put out some great albums, put out a couple of duds (SOULS OF BLACK and THE RITUAL - stay away from them), and the members have survived to continue doing what they love to do. Testament has always been one of those bands that have bridged the gap between the extreme and serious playing ability. This is how it stacks up - Testament's first three albums were great, their third and fourth albums sucked, their sixth album was live, and their seventh (LOW) and eighth (DEMONIC) albums show that even after ten years a band can have a new beginning.

NAPALM DEATH

Breed To Breath EP Earache

The band Napalm Death may not be the fastest band around anymore, they may not be the most extreme band in the world, but they just may be the heaviest band to grace this planet we know as earth. Seriously, if there was a way to measure the different components that make a band heavy, even considering the word "heavy" as a relative term, the scales would still tip in every aspect. It's been interesting to see how Napalm will "up the anty" in the heavy department on each new album since the band began the refinement of their music somewhere around the '94 release of FEAR, EMPTINESS, DESPAIR. Eventually, Napalm Death will put out an album sooo heavy that only small, burrowing animals will be able to hear - that, while not making much sense, would be HEAVY. Although I'm not usually much for EP's, the BREED TO BREATHE E.P. features four "must haves" from what I'm guessing are from the INSIDE THE TORN APART sessions. This release also contains "Breed To Breathe" (from INSIDE THE TORN APART), a cover of the song "Greed Killing" performed by Impending Doom - Winners of the Napalm Death

demo cover version competition, and a video on CD-ROM for the song "Breed To Breathe", which was banned on seven continents.

CLUTCH

Impetus EP Earache

The holiday season finds Earache releasing another E.P. This one is a re-release of the PASSIVE RESTRAINTS E.P. by the band Clutch. I obviously missed the boat when it came to this band back in '92 when this was originally released. I remember hearing something by these guys back then, but never really checked them out. This release has been out of print for the last two and a half years, so if you're a big Clutch fan and don't have this, then by all means go out and get it. If your not a real big Clutch collector, I would go get something newer from the band before I would get this. This EP is plenty good for '92, but I've heard stuff like this a million times since then.

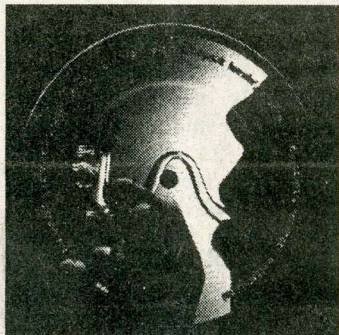
HATEBREED

Satisfaction Is The Death Of Desire Victory

Another Victory release being highlighted in the "Back To Your Roots" campaign is SATISFACTION IS THE DEATH OF DESIRE by Hatebreed. While being formed in 1994 doesn't make the band "roots" of hardcore, Hatebreed demonstrates all of the traits and intensity of the great hardcore bands that come before them. This band is by far one of the heaviest bands on the Victory label. Detuned guitars played with ample aggression and just enough finesse, combine with hammered, well thought-out drum beats to make this band a serious contender in the heavy music arena. If Hatebreed is representative of the future of hardcore music, then the future of hardcore music is looking bright.

Crass Dismissed

A new column focusing on the best (worst?) of all those really dangerous genres of music your mommy warned you about.



SPAZZ / LACK OF INTEREST

Double Whammy Split e.p.
CD (or 7")

Two of California's most intense bands team up for a totally raging split! If you get the 7" version you will be treated to 6 blazing tracks from each band. SPAZZ burst from the speakers with their nut numbing hardcore angst that may be some of the heaviest music ever created. L.O.I. are more of a straight in your face and shove it down your throat thrash hardcore band. They always just play it simple and rip you apart in the process. The CD version features over 20 minutes of live material from SPAZZ and 7 minutes from L.O.I. I was actually at one of the shows the L.O.I. material is cultivated from, cool eh? Anyway, if you get the disc, this is actually more like a full length release, and you certainly can't sneeze at all that amazing live stuff. Both bands are amazing live and are actually more intense in a live setting, if you can imagine it. (Deep Six Records POB 6911, Burbank, CA 91510-6911)

BRUTAL TRUTH / RUPTURE

Split 7" (Picture disc)

I knew I would love this before I even heard it. Basically I love everything that BRUTAL TRUTH does. And I like most things that RUPTURE does. And

a 7" picture disc is just a cool, collectable for a geek like me. The B.T. side has one studio track called "Vision" and two tracks recorded live in Tokyo, one of which features a guest vocalist to be Kevin's foil. B.T. are, quite frankly, the ultimate grind band. The one by which all others are measured. On the flip is Australia's most un p.c. hypercore band. Not the most consistent band on the planet, they none-the-less are mind numbing when they are on, and baby they are on. Six blasts of total hatred put to music. These boys have made being offensive an artform. They can piss off practically everyone with little or no effort. Hardcore for first amendment proponents! (Deaf American Records c/o R. Hoak #3 Bethel Church Rd., Dillsburg, PA 17019 and Rhetoric Records POB 82, Madison, WI, 53701)



3D HOUSE OF BEEF

s/t CD

Oooooooooo yeah! Absolutely warped sound. This is molten, pulsing, quivering, undulating, sludgecore. Pure musical excess, pure sickness. I absolutely love it when a band can take an established sound and infuse it with their own personalities and interpretations thus rendering it completely unique. From the opening crush of "Heard You Were Dead" to the timely examination of the reintroduction of "Thalidomide" to the horrid stench of "White Hog Slaughter" you get a band completely submerged in noise, heaviness, and distortion. Looking for the most warped, demented, and punishing song of the year? Look no further than

the seventeen and a half minute opus "Society of Old Crows". This song is merciless bouncing back and forth between sludgecore and total noise. The CD booklet art is a bit brutal for my tastes, but I am the first to admit that the gruesome artwork is an accurate reflection of the deranged musical output. This album is destined to be a classic. (POB 1660, Duvall, WA 98109 or <http://www.oz.net/nihil/3d.htm>)



SPAZZ

Tastin' Spoon

5" (Picture Disc Vinyl)

I was finally able to spoon up this tasty little morsel. Three cheers for independent distros who have quick mail order and aren't afraid to deal with cash! Anyway, this is one of the coolest collector geek records ever and even better than that is the fact that it is from the almighty SPAZZ! On only five inches of vinyl SPAZZ cram in nine songs and a tenth cut of Timojhen's answering machine message (He runs Vacuum Records distro). It never fails to stun me how much more intense SPAZZ is becoming. You would think that they would have peaked in their intensity by now, but NOOOOOOOOOO.... They keep turning up the heat! This record was written and recorded in an hour, but it none-the-less captures the band at their

raging best. As the band continue to incorporate metal into their insanity, they just keep getting heavier and heavier, while getting more complex, and still getting even faster! You just gotta love 'em boys and girls! No, I mean that... You gotta... 'Cause I know where you live.... Besides who could pass on a 5" picture disc? This is just too cool. (Clean Plate Records POB 0709, Hampshire College, Amherst, MA 01002)

HELLNATION



At War With Emo

5" (swirled yellow /black vinyl)

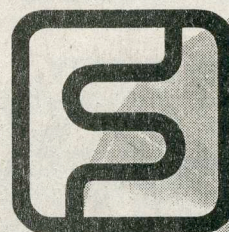
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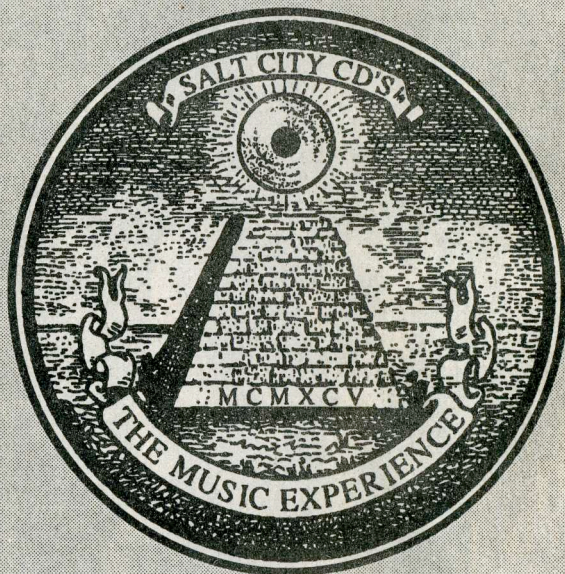
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RECORDS

3-Mile Pilot

Another Desert Another Sea Cargo

It appears that one of my favorite labels has reinstated my name to their mailing list after three or four years of shit listing. The reinstatement entitles me to "advance" CD releases. 3-Mile Pilot charmed me with *Na Vucca Do Lupo* their debut Cargo release. They charmed me with *The Chief Assassin to the Sinister* after Geffin picked them up. Geffin couldn't sell 3-Mile Pilot to the masses so they are back with Cargo.

Another Desert Another Sea continues 3-Mile Pilot's mission of drone, melody and abrasion. The prime example is "Ruin," the seventh song. Pall J. is abusing his guitar and his vocal chords, Armisted B. Smith does the same by contributing backing vocals and his bass is big and fat, Rick Forberg brings the vocalists to three and Tobias Nathaniel contributes massive organ/piano. The tune is an electric chamber orchestra in ruins. "City Of Bones" is the next example of horrifying elegance and "One False Eye" is seven minutes and 13 seconds of mammoth glory featuring organ from the cathedral of doom. Meline Nicole's cello adds more depth than seems necessary and Jim French plays a variety of brass instruments in conjunction with Nicole's strings at times, at others he does so without her. If there was ever a band to dethrone the entire "progressive rock" snobs and take a place firmly beside Jeremy Enik's orchestral experiments in Sebadoh's noise/pop bedroom it is 3-Mile Pilot. The next time any one complains about the lack of good music released in '97 sit the individual down with *Another Desert Another Sea*.

Schizo

The Dirtys

You Should Be Sinnin' Crypt

I'm supposed to sit around listening for meaningful lyrics, production techniques, dynamics, and such because I'm a rock "critic." Fuck that. The Dirtys plugged in and let it rip. That's the production technique. As for dynamics? There aren't any. There are meaningful lyrics. Take "Sex Pain" for example. "Oh yeah, I'll make it hurt." The "Dirtys Boogie" goes like this. "She had a short skirt/she had long legs/not much for conversation/she like to dance the night away/pigtails and braces/I had nothing but aces/we played some poker/if you know what I mean." The Dirtys like to drink because their baby left them. They like to pick up teenage girls using cocaine as "bait" and they think "teenage pussy's like TNT." Of

course The Dirtys are sick.

You Should Be Sinnin' is a CD for people who hate what America has become. Gurus tell us in late-night infomercials that if we add \$29.95 to a maxed out credit card and exercise religiously at the same time we follow their wealth-building plan we can have firm bodies and a kidney shaped swimming pool. It's all about choice. You chose to be a poor, you chose not to read my book, you chose to work at Barnes & Noble and if you don't like the wages why don't you quite and go work for...who in the fuck do you work for to earn that swimming pool? Become a doctor, become a lawyer, become a business executive, invest in real estate. Fuck you. It's just a shack by the railroad tracks/It's like a millionaires mansion it keeps calling me back/But I'd give up the palace if I were the king/But it's more than a palace it's my everything./And there's a queen waiting there with a silvery crown/Back in that fucking village in that shanty old town."

Emo

Southern Culture On The Skids

Plastic Seat Sweat Geffin

Some City Weekly hack gave this disc a major thumbs up. Since he learned his trade at the venerable SLUG and had probably never heard of SCOTS before they were signed to a "big" label his analysis doesn't matter. Anyway, he's probably the original owner of Rick Miller's red shoes. Remember? The shoes he used to wear before he lost them and began to wear the gold spray-painted boots? *Plastic Seat Sweat* is going no where. I'm predicting that the next SCOTS release will be much better and that SFTRI will release it. The SCOTS trio needs to go back in time and have a listen to Alvis Wayne's "I Wanna Eat Your Puddin'." "Banana Puddin'" can't touch that double entendre in the nasty department. I've been a SCOTS fan for about ten years and I believe this is the worst record the band has ever released. Blame it on Geffen.

Waylon Nelson

Shallow North Dakota

This Apparatus Must Be Earthed Sonic Unyon

Here's a slice of motherfucking racket. The first full-length CD from the band residing in Hamilton, Ontario was titled *Auto Body Crusher* and they certainly haven't looked back since coming up with the title. The assault is brutal and mind-numbing. It's enough to make a record label executive cry. It's enough to turn an Armeni suit into a pile of threads. And what does a record label executive look like without any clothes? A foolish emperor perhaps? They do Sabbath. Except the title song paying homage to Ozzy is actually closer to the feeling expected when the announcer states, "This is not a test of the emergency broadcast system. This is real and I'm getting the fuck out of here."

Yanni has arrived, he's carried on the backs of the four horseman of doom and he is prepared to play his final *Live At the Apocalypse* concert for the second coming of Jesus Christ. The calendars are all wrong. Ben Fulton is wrong, the end will come with the lighting of the torch to begin the 2002 Winter Olympics and Shallow North Dakota will sing the national anthem for One World under a New Order. Shallow North Dakota sits on Satan's left shoulder because left is best. Atari Teenage Riot can have the right shoulder. Peace.

Noseferupu

Roni Size

Reprazent Mercury

"An album of innovation, it is to the nineties what 'Sgt. Pepper' was to the sixties..." That from *Melody Maker*. "Curious as to what will make jungle happen stateside? You just found it." The quote comes from *URB Magazine*. *Reprazent* is the "critics" choice for best album of 1997. It has been spotlighted in every music magazine on the newsstand and it received several several #1's from Billboard Magazine "critics" in their year-end wrap-up. The album is a double disc set containing over two hours of music. The much talked about innovation arises from Roni Size and his collective's combining styles. A little dub, a lot of drum and bass, some jazz, some ambient hip hop and soul. Yeah, soul.

"New Forms" is especially soulful. Using an advance copy and lacking press materials I'll guess that Onaltee is providing the spoken/sung words rising out of the heady mix. Much of the media-hyped "electronica" comes off as so much wallpaper to me. It's fine for working on my abs or strengthening my heart through aerobic activity, but in the end it's simply background music. I'll take Atari Teenage Riot over Joey Beltran, Lion Rock, Crystal Method and even the Chemical Brothers or Prodigy. I'm obviously some kind of moron to not pick up on the genius of Roni Size. I've wasted about six hours of my life listening to the two discs and while the music is certainly creative, deeply layered, filled with rhythm and a spark of madness it doesn't move me like *Sgt. Peppers*. Maybe it's the White Album and I'll need six more months to fully realize the magnificence? In the end *Reprazent* is a hell of a good listen, I'll give it a B+.

DJ Strawberry

Rammstein

[Sensucht]

Motor

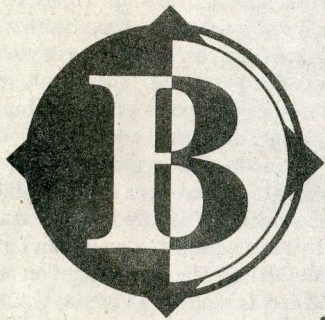
The review copy is the import version. Rammstein will have their first US release around January 19 and the label is Slash, now owned by London. All lyrics are in German. I had a fairly in-depth conversation with

Continued on next page

John Fluevog



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RECORDS

Rammstein's tour manager when the band played at Saltair during December and the conversation shed some light on the music. Many of the lyrics can't be translated into English. According to my source some of the words are so old that translation is impossible. German's don't use the words anymore because they want to forget about their history before World War II. Rammstein is an East German band. At least three of the band members grew up behind the "wall" and the band wasn't actually formed until after the "wall" came down. They were however, playing music behind the wall.

The band is not completely accepted in Germany because they use the "old words." The "source" told me several interesting stories about Germans, but the most interesting opinion he offers is the following. Germany is a country famous for oak trees. Today 90% of Germany's oak trees are sick and dying. My source told me that 90% of Germany's population is like the country's oak trees. Based upon the live performance sex is an obsession. Based upon the conversation sex is not completely without emotional involvement. Based upon comments after the performance the vocalist is "huge." Based upon the live performance "huge" has two meanings. The CD is not as brutal as the live performance. I'm imagining some of the vibrations Rammstein produced in the hall resulted in some interesting reactions in the female audience "members." No wonder they were laughing so hard when he pulled out the plastic Willy and spurted several gallons. If hard, pounding industrial music with lyrics all in German sounds inviting Rammstein's offering will hit the stores sometime in January.

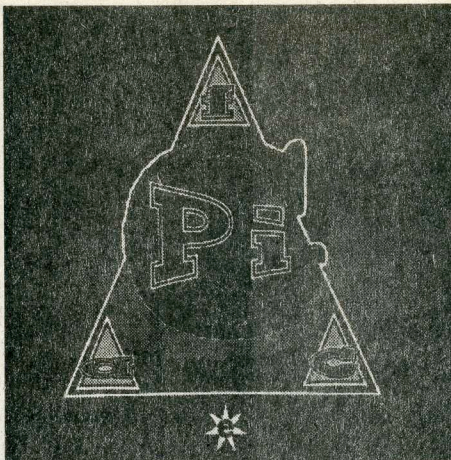
Willie Jennings

Pigface

A New High In Low Invisible

Is it cool to like Pigface? Who cares? The new disc is a double filled with mind altering sounds that pretty much kick some serious techno-industrial complex ass. Tribal is the key to the description. Imagine that with songs titled "Aboriginal" and "Burundi." "Bring unto me the stink of piss and vomit. Your American Dream." I wish. While we're waiting for poor Trent to work his tortured genius into an actual release his former employer has already encompassed him. Rather than actually attempt to review the CD it is better for me to enter the realm of the music and expound on the visions it brought on.

Unbeknownst to all except SLUG's, beneath the streets of Salt Lake City, living in



the sewers, there exists a bevy of crones who escaped from their polygamist husbands close to 35 years ago. Their lesbian sexual tendencies have limited the numbers biologically and due to the increasingly violent, armed militia type activities of their former husbands/rapists/tormentors young converts are rare indeed. The crones beat upon the water pipes and their screams are transferred through spiritual and organic means up the anuses of the ruling class. Lafferty was right! That is the Pigface vision. Straw brooms sweeping shit from narrow, moist sewer corridors. Re-bar rat slayings provide repast. Post menstrual females licking, sucking, slurping, chewing, gnawing, moaning and writhing - frying skinned rat beside bacon in cast iron pots. Nintendo 64's, Sony Playstations and pirated cable television provide evening entertainment as they stir the pots over fires fueled by dried human manure. Seasoned by piss salt and flavored by rotten vegetables scavenged from restaurant dumpsters the crones are plotting, endlessly plotting. Pigface will tour this spring. Just hope that Salt Lake City has a venue to accommodate them.

Orville "La" Baroness



My So-Called Band

Yesha Inc.

My So-Called Band receives immediate demerits for mimicking the cover of the first Clash album while sounding nothing like them.

The Clash received demerits for mimicking the cover of the first Elvis album (*London Calling*) while sounding nothing like him. The music contained on the self-titled *My So-Called Band* CD is all about the band's so-called lives with several notable exceptions. The disc is mediocre and Chris Peigler's vocals are irritating. Overall *My So-Called Band* sounds like a mixture of early '80s new wave with indie rock tendencies. That information isn't exactly a profound statement since the band is from Charlotte, NC. But back to the notable exceptions. "No Kate Moss" informs on who graffiti's Kate Moss posters. It's done by overweight teenage girls. "Home For The Holidays" has these timely and relevant lyrics. "Home for the holidays, that's where they say we should be. Feel the love that enslaves. You want love that sets you free. Home for the holidays, you crave the warmth they defile. Just one big happy family, but you'll have to force a smile." There's another song titled "My Favorite Shoplifter." "I work in a record store, corporate chain store conglomerate. No I'm not proud of that, and my work's not even honest. There's this one customer, who takes my breath away. She also takes our CD's, not a word do I say." Add a couple of songs on domestic violence, the usual confusion over love and the final tune "Propped Up." *My So-Called Band* finally manages a catchy tune at the end. "Propped Up" describes a stalker in waiting. The female left, but the male can't let go. He's at her door and waiting by her car. Maybe to open their next album *My So-Called Band* can describe the kidnapping, rape, hostage situation and murder-suicide.


Al Kie

Moses Guest

American Trailer Home Blues Aufeben Records

The CD title and the cover artwork had me hoping, but the first two seconds of the music dispelled all. Is there a secret factory manufacturing these bands in vats? Is it something in the pot the CIA supplies? In an effort to be perfectly honest I will state that I don't have any need for more generic, store-brand, hippie music. Look fuckers, and I realize that I'm repeating myself for about the 10,000 time, but...you were conceived while your parents fucked to the exact same "grooves." It's all a part of your genetics, it's in your broken chromosomes, your broken homes, the very sustenance of your gestation was filled with LSD, marijuana, mescaline and magic mushrooms - call me a burn-out if you will but I don't need another "jerk off situation" or another jam on hippie band. I am really, really sorry that Jerry is dead. Shooting heroin and smoking unfiltered Camel cigarettes will do that to a person. Get over it and go find a day job. Get this. The cops caught on around about '68 and as much as all of you would like to relive your parent's lives the government has

Continued on next page



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those mandatory minimum sentences for drug possession today. Does anyone remember when Smith's had that isle filled with white label products? Moses Guest is the white label hippie band that came on the scene too late to capitalize on the "white label" sensation. White label green beans, white label peas, white label chile con carne and white label hippie music. Listen to the Crass or Chumbawamba from ten years ago, listen to Charlie Manson and then take a box cutter, slit your neck, pour crystal meth in the wound and go away.

Ken Quesy

Jas. Mathus

And His Knockdown Society Play Songs For Rosetta Mammoth

Mammoth has left the WEA fold and become associated with PGD. Mammoth remains an "indie" but in the world of strip mall selling to idiots they decided a distribution deal was needed. Based upon the success of the Squirrel Nut Zippers they could become the Sub Pop of the late '90s which brings things right up to speed and Jas. Mathus.

If the Squirrel Nut Zippers were Mammoth's example of nostalgia for the pre-Prohibition days of the flappers then what is Mathus up to? I guess he decided to combine late '60s San Francisco jug band music with authentic country blues. He covers Ledbetter, Broonzy, Patton and Morgenfield along with original arrangements of some "traditional" songs while proving once and for all that 1997 has become 1967. If it has to be hippie kindly keep it country blues. While I can't state that Mammoth has entered Fat Possum territory at this point in time I'll take Jas. over the entire Billboard Magazine Top 10 Blues list. Proceeds from the sale of the disc go to Charlie Patton's daughter. Who is/was Charlie Patton? When not one local "critic" can answer the question call SLUG. Whoever answers the phone will know the answer. Buy the CD.

Lorrie Cisneros

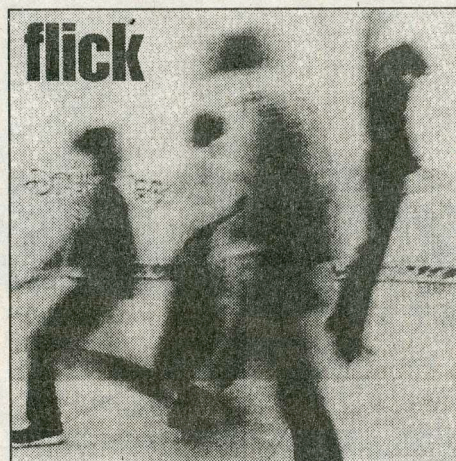
Hepcat

Right On Time Hellcat Records

I can remember when both City Weekly hacks ridiculed the Deseret News's Vice for predicting that ska was the future of music. How do you kids feel now that '97 proved Vice correct? The platinum selling ska of '97 wasn't true ska so maybe the pulp hacks were correct. When searching for actual ska Hepcat is the one and only name. "Right On Time" begins the latest release in such soulful fashion that I suddenly realized American R&B was the cornerstone of early ska. If all that speed and punk rock shit is desired skank really fast by Hepcat to Buck-O-Nine. Hepcat's riddims are breezy, the horns are laid-back, the vocals are soulful patios, the guitar is fat and the bass/drums are live.

"Pharaoh's Dreams" is an instrumental featuring Deston Berry on the keyboards and if the influence of American swing isn't felt by the time the tune is complete Hepcat follows it up with "No Worries." The horns are swinging without a doubt, or is that no doubt, but the rhythm section keeps the back beat ska. Make no mistake, this isn't "Third Wave" ska, Hepcat's version is so close to the reggae border that "Third Wavers" won't cross to discover the Harry Belafonte take-off which closes "Rudies All Around." Harry Belafonte? Didn't ska spend some time in bed with calypso? "Tommy's Song" is another instrumental and Kincaid Smith (trumpet), and either Aaron Owens (guitar) or Lino Trujille (guitar) step out to strut the breaks before the rest of the band joins in. The vast majority of today's current punk-ska bands qualify as good time music. Hepcat is so far above the pack...these cats even do doo-wop... "Together Someday." Call it "roots" if you must. To me *Right On Time* is the direction. It's a beautiful recording. According to anonymous sources Hepcat will return to Utah around May 29. Buy *Right On Time* and ingrain it into your membrane in preparation.

Batty Bread



Flick

Columbia

Be prepared for Flick in '98. The CD under inspection is only an EP. Columbia has big plans for Flick during the upcoming year. Their home is in Missouri and their musical style is pop. It's a good thing I have a press kit and some information from national and local record label reps or I'd have pegged the band as British all the way. "False You" oozes so many hooks stolen from Mersey beat/Beatles that I could almost swear the Longpigs were an influence. They're young, they have black hair and pale faces, it must be Clairiol and fear of a depleted ozone layer. La, la, la, la, la, in spite of the one syllable chorus and the produced recording the use of some highly interesting guitar effects, the presence of the female for background vocals/bass and the previously mentioned ability with a verse/hook captured my ears. Say I'm a suck-

er for weird sounds coaxed from a guitar. Say I bask in masked sexual tension. Say there's something about the five songs that begs for a live experience. "I Like You" closes the EP and I do, but final judgment on Flick awaits a full-length, a tour and a backstage meet and greet with food and booze.

Corporate Whore

Essential Texas Blues

House Of Blues

I don't know about the "essential" in the title, I'd call it more of a sampler. A sticker on the front proclaims the presence of a "24 Page Color Booklet." Shame on me for being such an archivist, but the booklet lacks detail. The casual fan will find it more than satisfactory. The booklet does an excellent job of explaining the "swing" part of Texas blues. We've covered the ground before in SLUG Magazine. The entire Elvis controversy, the black musician versus white musician, the blues influence and the hillbilly influence. The musicians didn't care. Texas is famous for western swing as well as swinging blues and the styles obviously stole from each other. Hillbillies stole from old blues cats and old blues cats stole from hillbillies. No one really cared until the need arose to explain and analyze every God damned thing.

The double disc set has both new and old. It opens with a Kim Wilson number from, I'm guessing, the '90s and closes with a Lightning Hopkins recording from, I'm guessing, the '60s. That's what I mean about the booklet. Dates, session personnel, studio names and producers are missing. Lou Ann Barton is a highlight and she's nasty, after all her entry is a tribute to Miss Lavelle White. T-Bone Walker is a highlight, he taught all the white boys to play. Zuzu Bollin is a highlight and he too is nasty. "Why Don't You Eat Where You Slept Last Night?" The recording is a 1989 version of a song Bollin first recorded in 1951 and even late in his life he puts the jump in the blues. Long John Hunter is another Texan currently beginning to receive his due. He's has influenced a generation from his Mexican house gig and one song doesn't scratch the surface. Buy *Border Town Legend* immediately. Freddie King is another highlight. He too taught the white boys to play. You thought Ten Years After wrote "Little School Girl" didn't you? It was Smokey Hogg and the country version is here. Easily a highlight. Grady Gaines and Eddie Vinson check in with pure instrumental joy that is more jazz than blues, but does it swing? Vinson's short vocal intrusion nearly convinced me to take my wing-tips to the shoemaker for a two-tone dye job. The booklet is weak, the music is fantastic and if Texas swinging blues are foreign this CD joins Rhino's offering of a couple years back in the instruction department.

Don Ipson

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VAGRANT RECORDS

LAME ASS CONCERT PREVIEWS

How did you kids like that Kurt Bestor interview last month? I didn't write it and I didn't see Kurt in concert, but the man certainly does have a clue doesn't he? I'll bet most of you wish you could earn as much money as he does creating. I wish I could earn as much money as he does creating. What I'd really like to hear is the music Kurt creates that he doesn't pass on to sell. Is there an edge to Kurt that has yet to be revealed?

A friend of mine died on Christmas Day. I've been traumatized ever since and the Evil Slug Boss is more than slightly pissed off at me. He's threatening to fire me again. The writing is late and I understand his anger, but it's difficult to write stupid, obnoxious shit while mourning the death of a true writer. Christina Joslin was a writer and she was my friend. Say no more, I'll miss her more than I realize at this point in time.. Sometimes life and/or death becomes more powerful than SLUG

It's January and this is Salt Lake City. Hampered by a lack of decent venues and a word-of-mouth reputation for lack of audience participation we are currently facing a concert schedule as dry as the ski slopes. That could change before SLUG goes to press, "one" never knows when it will snow in Utah and "one" never knows what "gigs" some promoter has failed to promote until the last minute. Bow Wow Wow was at the Zephyr on January 6, sorry you missed it, but we hit the streets on the fifth with a fifth to celebrate.

The Tower Theatre is having financial difficulties. Isn't that amazing with Utah's long support-the-arts history? What closed or was forced out of business in 1997? The Wooden Dog, The Galaxy Cafe, Raunch Records. A Save The Tower Benefit concert is planned for January 7 at Green Street. I know, I know, Green Street? So the venue is bad. See Lisa Marie and

the Codependents. See Spittin' Lint. See the Disco Drippers. I know, I know, the bands are bad too, but Misty Murphy is sched-

other. Imagine growing up with a name like Colon or for that matter Sue. My name is Sue...my name is Colon, how do you do? Now you're going to die and I'm going to Folsom Prison to get the blues. On the same night at Spanky's the locals Ether are holding forth. They've promised not to light fires, but they could live like deer and turn themselves invisible, just like Cody Judy. On Sunday,

from Network. Good luck Laura Jones! She's entered two bands and both feature her on lead vocals. Is that ego or talent? The SWXSW finals are on January 18 at the Zephyr.

If local bands aren't of interest Leo Kottke is playing at the Wooden Dog in Park City on January 11. For jazz there's George Shearing at the Hilton on January 13. After this "season" there won't be any more Jazz at the Hilton. New management fired the entire staff. It will be Jazz at Little America or Jazz at the Embassy Suites or Jazz at who knows where.. It is best to enjoy it while you still can because the room is pretty comfortable and the music is Kool. Donny Osmond takes the stage as Joseph on January 12 and there are only 51 performances. Buy tickets now! The very next night two of Epitaph's punk bands pay a visit to the Wrapsody in Provo. Millencolin is from Sweden and Pulley is comprised of famous names from numerous well-known punk bands. If it isn't snowing the drive could be worth it. Sky Bop Fly is another hip hop and funk outfit. They hail from St. Louis and they will be at Liquid Joe's on January 14. Swing music. I love swing music. When I first started with swing most of the current "swinglers" weren't born. I fucking hate "trendies." On January 14 The Lucky Strikes will play for an audience of "trendies" at the U of U Union Ballroom. A few in the audience will actually understand what is going on with the swing, but for the vast majority it's simply another fashion statement. The Lucky Strikes will visit the Wrapsody in Provo on January 15. Also on January 15 Spanky's has punk rock and surf metal. The Swamp Donkey's are headlining. Minimum Wage will visit from California and the local Mid Digit opens it all. The next night, January 16, the Wrapsody in Provo is once again the night spot. It's the Utah Ska Compilation release party featuring Insatiable, My Man Friday and Moxy Tonic Medicine Show. This band has former Stretsch Armstrongs and they are reported to be like Spike Jones. Who? You idiots. No wonder you were at the Lucky Strikes show wearing the shoes your grandpa saved

Annabelle OF Bow Wow Wow



uled along with Gigi Love. I know, I know. Okay the cause is worthy, just go and have a good time.

There's country in Ogden on January 9. Colon somethin-errr (No misspelling it's a Utah word.)

January 11, the SWXSW "competition" begins again. I've heard that this year, in order to avoid the controversy surrounding past "winners," the City Weekly has selected a panel of judges from bad local heavy metal bands. It's Michael Britton and the guys

from ninth grade.

The whole damn month has been a bore in Salt Lake City but on January 23 things pick up. David Wakeling is at the Holy Cow with Gene Loves Jezebel? What? Don't ask me, who ever thought Bow Wow would visit in 1998. Better than that is NOFX and Snuff over at Bricks. Those NOFX boys are crazier than coot owls, but for once in their lives they put out a CD without a sick joke on the cover or did I miss it? SLUG readers are familiar with Red Knuckles and with Hot Rize. It's all about speed. The fastest pickers around will appear at Highland High School on January 24. Too bad there isn't room for a pit. Mustard Plug is supposed to play somewhere on January 24. It's probably in Provo. Look for flyers. Kenny Neal brings the blues to the Dead Goat on January 27. Whatever happened to the blues in Salt Lake City anyway? I don't see much blues around here anymore, except at the Dead Goat. On January 27 Mandy Pantinkin will entertain an entire room filled with aging women. I'm not one to criticize a

woman on the basis of age, who cares how old they are, but when the music collection consists of Barbara Streisand, Celine Dion, Kurt Bestor, Yanni and John Tesh with Mandy Pantinkin handling the male vocal chores - then I have a problem with aging women. There is hope for the rest of us. The good, the one, the only Reverend Horton Heat is scheduled for a return engagement at DV8 on the same night. The Reverend rocks and rolls. I haven't seen a new release from the band in sometime. They could be road testing material or it could be the record label hasn't informed me, but who cares? It could be they aren't even coming, but if they do, don't think about skipping the Reverend.

It looks like Spanky's is the site to close out the month. On January 28 Cop Killers make it all the way from Atlanta. On January 29 the Pinehurst Kids will play their Portland version of punk rock. Down at ABG's in Provo they have booked Slobberbone. Slobberbone is one of those bands they write so much about in the Gavin Report. The Gavin Report

is a mystery to most around here because we don't have Americana radio, we don't have Triple A radio and we don't have college radio. We have just plain bad radio. Slobberbone plays country rock. It's simple. They don't play alternative country, they don't play y'alternative and they don't play whatever other stupid name someone dreams up to call it. It's country rock with the good elements of hippie music as a part of the show. Good elements of hippie music? Yeah, back before Phish there was shit like Dan Hicks and His Hot Licks, The Fugs, The Mothers Of Invention and such. They played hippie music. I'll get to Dan Hicks in just a minute because Slobberbone will be at Spanky's on January 30. January is completed with the SLUG Ninth Anniversary Party on the 31st at Spanky's. Bloodfish is playing. Ya gotta love Bloodfish.

Looking into my crystal ball for February I see that Dan Hicks himself will be at the Wooden Dog in Park City on February 1. Acoustic music is present at Bryant Intermediate School on February 6. Patty Larkin is stop-

ping off for a few hours. I believe the Zephyr might have Teddy Morgan and the Seville's on the same night. They are a sizzling hot and jumping blues band. Call the Zephyr and encourage the club to finalize the date. By the time all this has occurred and all you lazy fuckers have stayed home without seeing any live music except David Wakeling there will be a brand new SLUG and a brand new Lame Ass Concert page with full information on the Sno-Core Tour. Tickets go on sale January 11 and a few of the most favorite power-pop punk and ska bands will play for two nights only. In the downtime there's always Burt's. Burt's has the best in live music. Catch Atomic Deluxe on Friday nights and prepare for their new CD release mid-way through January. Don't ever miss Swamp Cooler, the Scrotum Poles or the Unlucky Boys if any one or three or how ever they manage things in the band in-breeding of the Provo area travels to Burt's Tiki Lounge. Thank you and good fucking night.

Squiggly Wiggly

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A SPECIAL THANKS TO ALL WHO HELPED US GET THIS FAR...

of course our writers... (past & present) William Athey, John Forgach, Scott Farley, Mark Ross, Laura Swensen, Billy Fish, JJ Coombs, JAND, Royce Jacobs, Trevor Williams, David McClelland, Bryan McNamara, John Wilde, Robert DeBerry, Brian Staker, Tania Paxton, Tanya Cintron, Jon Titus, Kevin Moritz, Stimboy, Matt Taylor, Dave Neale, Less Nessman, Clark Stacey, Uncle Ezra, Ziba Marashi, Steve Midgley, Jon Bray, Chuckles, Kevin Kirk, Papa Pilgrim, Jeff Vice, Scott Vice, John Zeile, Scott Bringard, Lara Jones, Matt Monson, Jo Yaffe, Sly & The Wiz, Charlee Johnson, Amber McKee, Beth Sutton, Alisa Hunsaker, Stormy Shepard, DJ Evil, MisHell, Paul Kreutz, Eric M. Zeebenyi, Stephanie Bailey, Dan Keough, Darryl Smyers, Kaj Valentine, Adam Weishaupt, Carrie Hall, Dee Wolfe, Kelly Mounteer, Ryan Workman, Chopper, Padre Beelzebub, Helen Wolf and last but certainly not least, Crystal & AJ who did more than just write, and Mike & Laura Harrelson who did more than just type.

Dr. Edo Lubich, who got me started. Literally.

our friends... Mark Ross (Photoshop Diety, Marathon Man). Captain & Mrs.? America. Mom & Paul (English) Jason Big Daddy Barker, Jon Titus (a very scary man) Scott, Michelle & Tamrika. LeRoy for Zen guidance, Peggy for No Zen guidance. Tiger & Elaine for Giants tickets. Johnette Napolitano. Henry Rollins. Tracey Fischer. Joozy & Di, Anthony, Kirsten & The Dominator. Christine & Bruce (the Iron Duke) Paoli. Nicki, Sharon & Estelle Rivera. Uncle Shame & Bloodfish. Lisa, Mark, Kevin & Anthony @ Burts Tiki Lounge. Bambi & Brian @ Ashbury Pub. Sam, Otto & Charlie @ Zephyr. Bill @ Redbones for feeding the crew. Dave @ Big Daddy Productions. Steve & Co. @ Bar & Grill. Jason & Mary @ Spankys. Fred Reitz & Totally Cool Music. Bradzig (MacMonster). Big fat kisses to Tony, Faith, Angelene & Dionn @ Blue Boutique. Adrienne & Dale. The best extra foam latte makers in town COFFEE GARDEN. Tony, Dan, Jeri & Freewheeler Pizza. Casee & Hank (my new best friend) Carrie Ann, Tanner & Canyon. Eric, David & Rehan @ Guitar Czar, Jon, Brad & John @ Dr. Volts, Tanya & Pepper. Voodoo Dog Dan & his imaginary girlfriend Debbie. Hoffine Printing. Mic & Bones @ Southern Thunder. Chopper @ Tattoo Fever. Michael & friends @ Wizards. Greg & Crew @ Tower Theater. Garry & Jana Marie McAllister. Jonathan Valania & the Psyclone Rangers. Mary & Michael (Sweet Loretta), Derek & Ned @ Holladay Records. Tony @ Fast Forward, Mimi @ Night Flight, Don (Buddha) & Suzy DeBusk who we only see during "Don Season" except for that one time you poured beer in my ass.

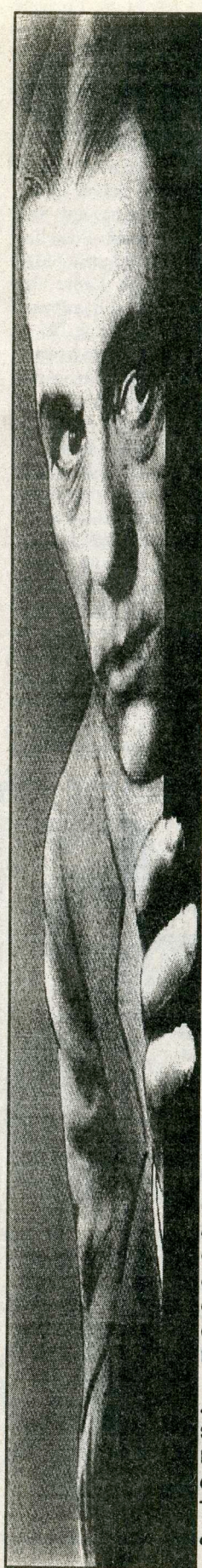
the bands... Bloodfish, Honest Engine, Surly, Lugnut, PCP Berzerker, Bohemia, Riverbed Jed, Anger Overload Godepine, Slaughterchrist, Boxcar Kids, Decomposers, ASA, House Of Cards, Wicked Innocence, Sugarhouse, Daughters Of The Nile, Wish, Reverend Willie, Thirsty Alley, Abstrak, Scabs On Strike, Crapshoot, Amphouse Mother, King Trance, Polestar, Elanvital, Blankshot, Quaango, Cokleo, In Effect, Elbo Finn, One Eye, Loose, 9 Spine Stickleback, Pijamas De Gato, Insatiable, The Feel, Maggot Heads, Red #5, Athlete's Butt, Mouthbreather ... if we forgot you ... SORRY!

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and the coolest publicists alive... Barbara Mitchell @ Deluxe Media, Angelica @ Atlantic, Wendy @ Virgin, (iou) Hilary @ Hollywood, Stormy @ Leave Home Booking, Heather & Stephanie @ Epic, Laura @ A&M, Jill @ Alias, Jean @ Revolution, Jessica @ Hyper, Girlie Action, Paula @ Futurist, Jolyn & Lellie @ Mercury, everyone @ MSO, Nasty Little Man, Michael @ RCA, Alison the 1&only @ Stone Garden, Josh @ World Domination, Scott @ Zephyr Media, Gihan @ Elektra, Mike @ Way Cool Music, Michelle @ Interscope, Paula @ Capricorn, Darcy @ Rykodisc, Mark Pucci, Jennifer Fisher @ Alternative Tentacles Dave Crieder @ Estrus Bruce Watson @ Fat Possum, Dennis Denehey, C. Bell @ Geffen, Debbie Bensinger @ Interscope, Amy @ Invisible Michell and John @ Koch, Jolyne and Wendy @ Mercury, Liz & LeAnn @ A&M, Tahn Tahn @ MSO, Jenny Bendell @ Plain Jane PR, Lisa Shively @ Press Network, Bill Bentely @ Reprise, Toni @ Roadrunner, J.J. Ressler & Glen Dicker @ Rounder/Upstart, Dan & Nils @ Sub Pop, Tammy Watson @ Up, Michelle & Jill @ TVT, Deb Bernadine @ Warner Bros, Josh @ World Domination, Bruce Larsen @ EMD, Robert Page & Liz Kramer @ Sony Music, Paul & Kate @ PGD and some we forgot... sorry!

and lets not forget our favorite record company weasels... Kristen Welsh @ Capitol, (mmwaah!) Daria & Barbara @ Sony, Erv @ Sony (IDOL) Tom @ NG, Jody @ Chud, Brian & Chris @ Fat Wreck, Isa @ Caroline, Andrew, Gina & Kathy @ Epitaph, Greg @ Go Kart, Ilene @ Netzwerk, Miwa @ Grand Royal, Chris @ Lookout, Susan @ PGD, Brian @ Polygram, Victor @ Primatech, RJ & Caesar @ T.O.N., J, Thor & everyone @ TimKerr, Bill & James @ Tooth & Nail, Theresa Bruce & Jeff @ Triple XXX, Teresa @ United Concerts, Dave @ World Domination, Bruce Larsen @ EMI, any-one we forgot... SORRY!

and a very special thanks to JR & Maile.





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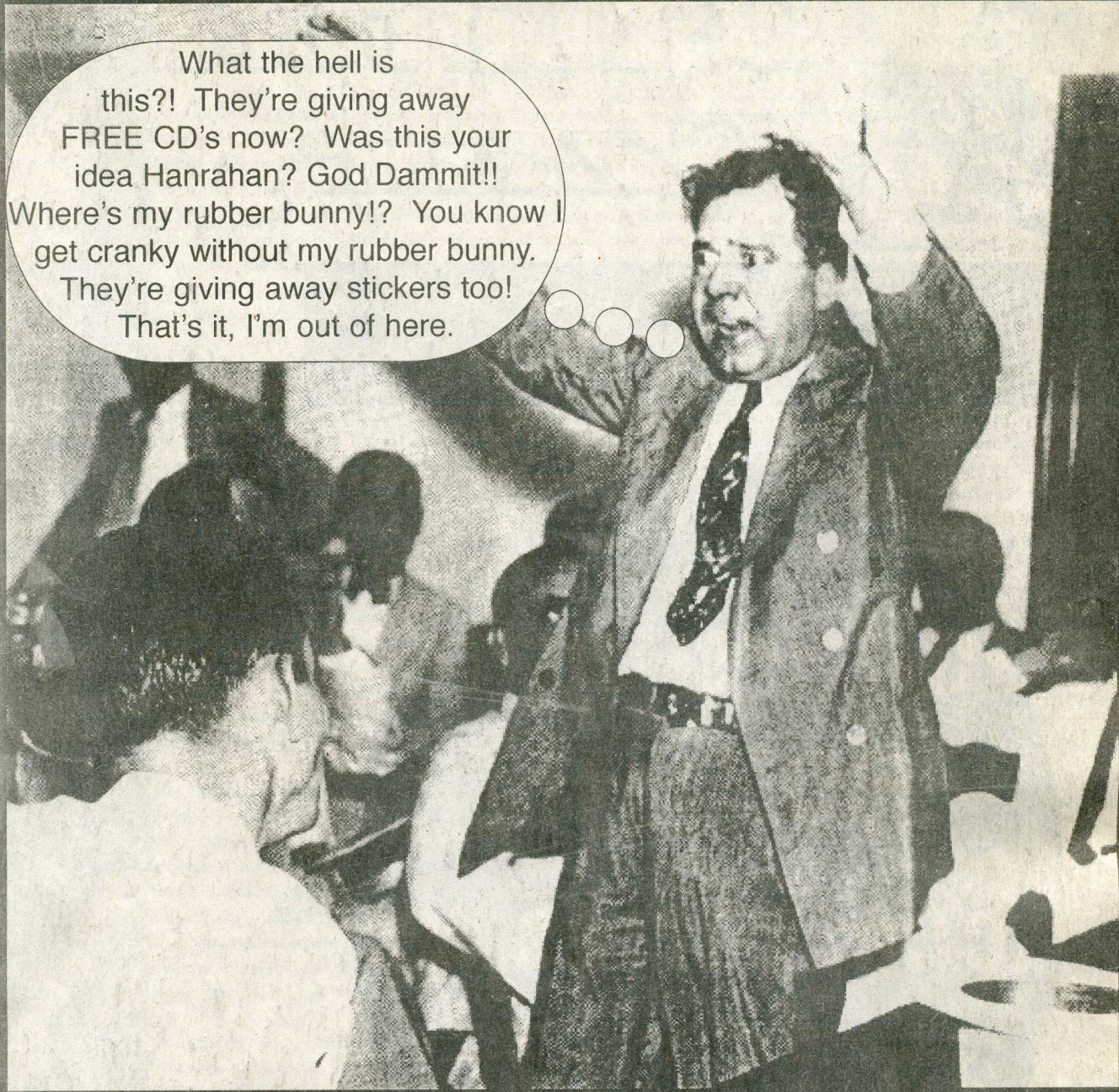
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